

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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Price 7 Cents

CAL CARTER THE BOY LAWYER; OR, A FEE OF ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

By ALLAN ARNOLD.
AND OTHER STORIES



One used a dark-lantern with which to search for the papers. By the aid of the lantern it was seen that the two villains wore black masks. They drew the papers carefully out of the pigeon-holes in the desk.



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Cal Carter the Boy Lawyer OR, A FEE OF ONE MILLION DOLLARS

By ALLAN ARNOLD

CHAPTER I.—“Only the Poor Can Feel for the Poor.”

In one of the great mills over in New Jersey the operatives were eagerly, angrily discussing the conduct of the foreman in discharging a girl and retaining her wages because of some trivial fault.

“It’s an outrage,” said one of the men, “and we ought to resent it.”

“Yes, so we ought,” said another, “but can we afford to do it?”

“We can if we all stand together,” said the first speaker. “That is our only safety at all times.”

“True, but John Strum is one of the most obstinate men in the world, and the boss will back him even to the closing of the mills.”

“Don’t you believe that. He would not close the mills, but he would discharge us one by one when the mills would not suffer by it. I think the best thing for us to do is to chip in money enough to take care of her and her mother and hire a lawyer to teach the boss a lesson. This thing has been done every week or two for years, and the poor girls have to submit.”

“Good! Good! That’s what we’ll do!” exclaimed several, and in a couple of minutes more \$7 had been dropped into a hat for the young girl whose case was under discussion.

“Take it home to her this evening, Ben,” said the old mill hand who had suggested the plan, “and tell her we’ll pay the lawyer if she’ll get one to fight the case for her—and take care of her and her mother till she can get another place, too—eh, boys?”

“Yes, yes, of course!” they responded.

It was their dinner hour, hence nearly two score of them were in a group together at the time. Ben Gurley was a short, compactly-built man, with hair and mustache on the auburn order of color. His blue eyes and square jaws told of courage and iron will. He was popular with all the operatives, and was regarded as the best rough-and-tumble fighter among the 900 hands at work there. The bell sounded for the resumption of work and every man went to his post. When six o’clock came Ben hastened out and stood where he could see the girls when they came out. Nearly all of them knew him, and many a cheering greeting did he get from them as they went past him. He returned every one with a good-natured reply. Suddenly he strode

forward, caught a young girl by the arm and said:

“I want to see you, Maggie.”

“What is it, Ben?” Maggie asked, not a little surprised.

“I want you to tell me where Flossie Elmer lives.”

“Oh, yes—I hear she has been discharged. She lives at 71 G— street, up on the top floor. I’m awfully sorry for her.”

“I am taking help to her.”

“Oh, I’m so glad! It’s just like you, Ben. I’ll go round and see her after supper.”

Ben hurried away, and the stream of girls kept pouring out of the big mill. The burly mill hand had reached the door of the tenement, and was about to climb the four flights of stairs that led up to the home of Flossie Elmer, when he met Flossie herself coming down. She looked up at him quite surprised. They had never been acquainted, though they knew each other well.

“Why, Mr. Gurley!” she said.

“I have come from the men on our floor to see you, Flossie,” he said to her. “We were talking over your discharge at meal time and the holding back of your wages. That is a trick that is played on some girl every week or two. We are going to try to put a stop to it, so we have raised seven dollars for you,” and he handed her the money.

“Oh, my!” and her big brown eyes filled with tears.

“Girls can’t fight like men, so we are going to fight for them. We are going to give you five dollars a week every week to live on till you get another place. Then you are to get a lawyer to fight Evan Morse to the bitter end, and we will pay him his fee. Do you understand, Flossie?”

“Yes,” came from the grateful girl in a half sigh. “Oh, how kind of you men!”

Ben thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was by far the most beautiful of the 600 employed in Morse’s mills, and yet not one was jealous of her.

“And see here, Flossie. You have no father or brother, I hear. If you ever need a brother’s help or protection send for Ben Gurley—understand? I live at 97 Railroad avenue. You won’t forget that, eh?” and he caught her hand as he spoke.

“No, indeed!” and she looked up at him. “You must go up and see mother—tell her what you

CAL CARTER THE BOY LAWYER

have told me. I am going to the grocer's for some milk and a loaf of bread, and—”

“I'll go along with you,” and he turned and went out on the street with her. “Get other things you need with that money. Eat heartily and keep strong, for you are to fight the battle for all the girls in the mills. If five dollars a week isn't enough we'll make it more.”

She did buy more, and when she went up to the top floor to where her pale-faced mother was sitting near an open window, she laid an armful of provisions on the table—or rather Ben Gurley did.

“Why, Flossie, dear!” her mother exclaimed. “Where did you get all these things?”

“This is Mr. Gurley, from the mills, mother,” said Flossie, introducing Ben. The widow bowed. Ben offered his hand in his hearty way, and inside of five minutes she was in possession of the plans of the mill hands to fight the mill owner by means of the law. She was moved to tears by the devotion of the rough mill men to the poor girls who could not help themselves.

“Yes,” she said, “Flossie shall get a good lawyer and do just as her friends in the mills wish her to do. It is an outrage that for some trivial fault a girl should lose her situation and a fortnight's wages. I am glad the operatives are going to call in the law to stop it. Please say to the men for me that I shall ever pray for them—that they may prosper and be happy.”

He rose to leave. They pressed him to remain to tea, but he refused and hastened away, charmed with both mother and daughter.

“They have not always been poor,” he said to himself, as he made his way to his boarding-house. “Mrs. Elmer has the face of a refined, educated woman. Flossie is well educated, too. Anyone can see that, and how gentle she is in her manners. Lord, but she is a sweet girl!”

As soon as he had left the mother and daughter, the former burst into tears as she sank down into a chair.

“How kind of them,” she sobbed. “Only the poor can feel for the poor. Oh, I never knew it before. It may bring better days for us.”

“I am sure of it, mother,” said the daughter. “I am going to get the best lawyer I can find to-morrow.”

Early the next morning Flossie was over at the grocer's.

“I have got to sue the mill owner for my wages,” she said to him. “Do you know of a lawyer who won't charge me a big fee?”

“Yes—I know a young lawyer—he ain't grown yet—who is just the one for that sort of thing. My, but he is a good one if he isn't gray-headed.”

“Who is he?”

“Calvin Carter. They call him Cal Carter, the boy lawyer. His office is down on Main street, in Court Building. His mother is a customer of mine. They are very poor now, but Cal is going to make a big lawyer some day. Tell him I sent you to him.”

Flossie thanked him and went in search of the young lawyer's office. She got on a street car and sat opposite a youth whose appearance struck her fancy. She was only seventeen, and the youth did not seem to be any older. But he had a dreamy look in his dark eyes and the air of a student all over him. He was intellectual

in expression, yet a boyish modesty pervaded his movements. When the car reached the Court Building, the young man arose and went out. She followed him, and as he ascended the steps, she said to him:

“I am looking for Mr. Carter's law office. Do you know where it is?”

“Yes, miss. I'll show you,” and he went up two flights, stopped in front of a door on which was a sign:

CALVIN CARTER,
“Attorney at Law.”

Taking a key from his pocket he unlocked, opened the door, and said to her:

“Walk in, please.”

She entered. He placed a chair for her, and remarked:

“I am Calvin Carter. What can I do for you, miss?”

“Oh, my! How singular we should ride down on the same car. I asked our grocer, Mr. Smith, for the name of some lawyer who would not charge me a big fee, and he gave me yours.”

“That was kind of Mr. Smith.”

“Yes, for he spoke highly of you,” and then she told him her story.

He wrote down every point as she talked, and when she had finished, he said:

“Let's see if I have got it down right,” and he read it over to her.

“That's right,” she said.

“Very well. This is just the sort of case I've been wanting to get for months. I'll charge you nothing, for it will bring me many others when I get through with Mr. Morse. Go home now and wait till I send for you.”

CHAPTER II.—The Boy Lawyer and the Fly Wheel.

Flossie Elmer returned home like one in a dream. The face of the boy lawyer was before her all the time. His words had filled her with a hope she never had before. He had not said he would gain her case, but had said it would bring him many others when he got through with Mr. Morse. Those words sank deep in her memory. Then, too, she had never seen a face of such intellectual power—nor eyes with such a dreamy, far away look in them as she observed in the street car. The dreamy look was gone when he talked to her up in his little uncarpeted office, where two chairs and a little pine table completed the furnishing. When she told her mother she had retained a boy lawyer, a look of dismay came into the widow's face.

“Why, child, what have you done?” her mother exclaimed.

“He said he would charge me nothing, mother, as the case would bring him many others when he got through with Mr. Morse.”

“Well, you had better see and tell Mr. Gurley about it. They may not like it. Oh, dear! I wish I had gone out with you, but really I cannot climb those four flights of stairs. I am not strong enough.”

That evening Ben Gurley called and was told what Flossie had done.

"Well, if Smith said he was all right, that goes," said Ben. "So he won't charge anything, eh? Well, we thought he'd want a fee to start in with, so we put up ten dollars. Here it is. You take it and put it by for use when needed," and he laid it on the widow's knee as he spoke. "We are going to see this thing through, and keep you two on your feet at the same time."

Rap—rap—rap! Someone was at the door. Flossie opened it.

"Oh, Maggie Brewer!" she cried, and the two girls ran into each other's arms. They were great friends, having worked side by side in the big mills for months.

Maggie ran to Mrs. Elmer and kissed her, after which she threw off her hat and cloak.

"Why are you slighting me, Mag?" Ben asked, with a twinkle in his eyes and a pucker on his lips.

"I am not slighting you, Ben. I draw the line at kissing men."

"Sensible girl. Gimme your hand on that!" and he reached out his brawny palm to her. She laughed and laid hers in it. "I don't like girls who kiss all the men."

"You rascal! I saw you kiss at least a dozen at Jack Dailey's two weeks ago," said Maggie.

"Oh, that was in the game."

"Yes, and it's the game you men like, too!"

"Well, I never see any of you girls kicking when it's played," he retorted.

"You never saw me in the game," she said, shaking her head.

"That's so, and I think more of you for it. I am glad you came. I am going down to the grocer's to see him about that young lawyer, and will be back inside of ten minutes," and he took up his hat and went out.

When he came back Maggie had the story of what had been done, and she had told Flossie that the girls were going to help her, too. Ben placed a quart of ice cream on the table, saying to Flossie:

"Hustle out the saucers and spoons now, and we'll see how it tastes."

"Oh, dear, what a treat!" said the widow. "I have not tasted ice cream in a long time."

"It's always good for ladies," Ben remarked.

They were a happy party. Ben and Maggie remained an hour, and went away together, he escorting her to her home.

"He is a good-hearted rough fellow," remarked the widow when they were gone.

"Yes. Every one in the mills likes him," replied Flossie. "He is kind to everybody and is always ready to defend the weak against the strong."

The next day the manager of the mills opened the business letters of Mr. Morse, in the office of the great mills. One was from Lawyer Calvin Carter demanding payment of Flossie Elmer's wages within twenty-four hours, otherwise he would begin proceedings. He laid it aside with a sneer, and when Evan Morse came in, called his attention to it.

"Let him proceed," was all the mill owner said, so the letter was not answered.

The twenty-four hours passed, and the young lawyer proceeded to enter suit and applied for

an attachment of property. He saw the constable, and said to him:

"I want you to go with me to the mill at 6:45 in the morning, and I'll point out the property I want levied on or attached."

"That's early for business."

"Yes, but it will get your name in the papers, and be worth money to you in the end. It may make you sheriff if you hustle."

"You bet I'll hustle, then."

"Well, meet me at my house at 6:30 o'clock and we'll go together."

"I'll do it."

The next morning, when the constable called for Carter, the latter was waiting for him with a big trace chain and padlock.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"I am going to levy on the fly wheel of the Morse mills," was the reply.

"Whew!"

Then the constable whistled in his astonishment.

"Is it legal?" he asked.

"Yes—if Morse owns the wheel," was the reply.

"All right—come ahead."

They jumped aboard a street car and in a few minutes were at the big mills. They made their way through the big crowd of waiting operatives into the engine-room. Steam was up and everything was ready to move. The constable proceeded to chain the big fly wheel. It was done in a few moments.

"What's this? What do you mean?" the engineer demanded, coming round to them.

"I am a constable. I have just levied on, or attached this fly wheel. Break that chain under penalty of the law!"

"Why in thunder didn't you levy on a bale of goods in the office?"

"Because I chose to levy on the fly wheel," was the reply.

Word was sent to the superintendent in the office. That official came running up, white as a sheet.

"What's this? What's this!" he demanded.

The constable showed him the papers.

"Why didn't you levy on goods in the office?" he asked.

"Here's the lawyer—ask him."

The superintendent turned to Carter, who said:

"The girl needs the money. I gave you twenty-four hours to settle. You paid no attention to it. To levy on the goods means thirty days delay, during which time the girl starves. To attack the fly wheel means a prompt settlement."

A messenger was sent to the home of the owner, who was still in bed. The owner sent for his lawyer who was also in bed. By the time they got to the mills they had been idle two hours. The lawyer was furious, but he said it was legal.

You can dissolve the attachment by giving a bond, but it may take till noon to go through all the red tape of legal proceedings."

"Pay the bill at once!" roared Morse to his cashier.

"And the costs," said the constable.

It was paid in full with costs, and the wheel was released. But the delay had cost over \$100. The news flew through the city and electrified

tens of thousands of workingmen and women. The name of Carl Carter was on everybody's lips. He sprang into fame in a single day. Labor meetings were held to sing his praises and abuse Evan Morse. Morse's lawyer denounced the act as a bit of sharp practice to which no reputable lawyer would stoop. But hundreds of workingmen wrote to the paper which printed his card, saying his rascally client had been resorting to sharp practices in swindling poor working girls for years. Mobs gathered in front of Morse's house and hooted and jeered at him till he had to claim police protection.

CHAPTER III.—The Trial—Scene in Court.

The second day after the Flossie Elmer case had been settled, two girls climbed the stairs to Calvin Carter's office. He was engaged with two workingmen who had brought him cases against employers, so they had to wait out in the corridor till the men were gone. They entered smiling, and one said:

"We have claims against the Morse mills just like the Elmer girl."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, just like it."

"Well, give me the exact story," and he sat down and wrote while the girl talked. It was very similar to the other. Ere they were through he found a dozen more work girls in the corridor. All day long he took their stories down in writing. Each one paid him one dollar as a retainer—balance of fee to be paid out of money recovered.

When night came he found that twenty-seven girls had complained of the same skin game. The next day thirteen more came—forty in all. He immediately notified the mill owner of the claims and demanded settlement within twenty-four hours. Mr. Howard, counsel for the mills, appeared and gave bonds, so the cases were set down for trial before the justice who issued the summons. Some of the girls were disappointed on finding they had to wait thirty days instead of seeing the fly wheel stopped. He explained to them how the law worked and they were satisfied. The majority of them had secured work elsewhere. An ice cream saloon keeper offered Flossie Elmer ten dollars a week to serve his customers, and the work girls crowded his place of evenings.

Cases came in thick and fast to young Carter during the month, and the justice saw a vast pile of work ahead of him. He secured a large hall in which to hear the cases. The day of trial came, and the hall was jammed with working men and women. Lawyers from all parts of the city were on hand to see how the boy counsel would manage the cases against the rich mill owner and his able lawyer. When the first case was called Carter rose to his feet, and the fall of a pin could be heard in that packed audience as he said:

"May it please your honor: This case is one of forty, all alike in character, each claim ranging from nine to sixteen dollars in amount. It would be very tedious to try each one separately, as it would take a month to do so. In view

of that fact I would suggest to the learned counsel for the defendant that we select one case out of the forty for a test case, and that the result of that case be binding upon both sides. To show the learned counsel that we believe in the justice of our cause, I will leave to him the selection of the case—any one of the forty."

He turned and looked at the mill owner's lawyer. The lawyer was dazed at the cool daring of the youth, for he saw that every soul in the house would be won by the proposition. He turned to Morse and held a whispered consultation for a few moments. Then he arose, and said:

"I accept the proposition of counsel, and am willing that the case just called shall be a test case for all the others."

"So be it, then," said the justice, who never had such an audience before him before in all his career as a judge.

The girl went on the stand and told her story in a plain, simple way, to the effect that she had worked twelve days, and in the afternoon of that day fault was found with some work done on that same day. She was discharged and \$15.25 of wages had never been paid her. Howard then asked her if she had not damaged the goods.

"The foreman said I did, and it may be true; but it was only the goods I worked on that afternoon and had nothing to do with the work during the two weeks."

"That will do," said Howard, waving her down in a majestic way.

He called a clerk of the mills, who swore the goods had to be sold at a loss greater than the amount claimed by the plaintiff as due her. The foreman swore to the same thing. That looked bad for the girl. But Carter asked the clerk:

"Do you know that the goods were sold at a loss on account of any fault of hers?"

He stammered and tried to explain.

"Answer yes or no," sternly cried Carter. "You either know or don't. Which is it?"

"I don't know of my own knowledge," he replied.

"Just as I thought. Now, Mr. Foreman, have you any personal knowledge of the selling of the goods?"

"No."

Howard paled and rose to his feet, saying:

"Your honor, if you will allow us twenty minutes, we'll have witnesses here who do know about those sales."

Young Carter sprang up and said:

"Your honor, I want to get at the truth of this business. That man over there, the rich mill owner, has long been robbing helpless girls of money due them, and—"

"Your honor, I protest against such language against my client!" cried Howard.

"Of course," said Carter. "It's what you are paid for. If you will have your client produce the books containing the record of the sales of damaged goods, showing the damage done by this plaintiff, I'll agree to the twenty minutes' delay you ask you. You can't ring in any hired men here without the books. Will you produce the books?"

Howard looked at Morse. The mill owner, white as a sheet, shook his head.

"He refuses. I object to the delay, your honor."

"Has counsel for the defendant any other witnesses in court?" the judge asked.

"No, your honor, but before you render your decision I have something to say," and he spoke for half an hour, claiming that the rules of the mills were to sell damaged goods at a discount, as testified to by the clerk and foreman. He eulogized Morse as a benefactor who gave employment to over one thousand people who supported four thousand more in their homes. It was a neat speech, and the character of the eminent lawyer added force to it.

Young Carter rose to reply.

"Mr. Morse is not a philanthropist," he said. "He is not a mill owner for charitable purposes. He has grown rich and powerful on that charity which begins at home. He gives to himself first, and the lion's share at that. He is a manufacturer for the money that is in it. Competition is sharp and so is he. It is in evidence before your honor that he finds faults and assesses damages and collect assessment without the aid or consent of the law. The learned counsel protested when I said he had robbed these poor girls. If such proceedings are not robbery pure and simple, I must confess that my knowledge of law is at fault. Look at those forty clients here who earn their bread by the sweat of their fair faces, some of them pinched and wan, and then gaze upon the rotund figure of that robber there who counts his cash by the million."

Every eye in the courtroom was turned on Morse. He was white as a sheet and a look of terror was in his eyes, for hisses were heard in the dense mass of workingmen before him. The boy lawyer paused just long enough for his shot to take effect. When he heard the hisses, he wheeled and said:

"No! Don't hiss him! Let his conscience do that. Let the stones of the street hiss him as he drives over them. Don't take the law in your own hands. He is before God and yonder just judge. His punishment will come quickly, for the strong hand of justice will seize him and shake restitution out of him." Then facing the justice, he cried out:

"In the name of these suffering daughters of starving mothers: in the name of a common brotherhood bound by the ties that make us all akin: in the name of outraged law I appeal to the court for one thing only—justice."

He sat down and the audience, which had been holding its breath for several minutes, burst into a roar of applause which could not be checked. The judge rose to his feet, and waved his hands for silence. It took him five minutes to quiet them. Then he said:

"It is unseemly for spectators to approve or disapprove anything openly by applause in a court of justice, and I hope it will not be repeated. After hearing the evidence and the remarks of counsel I am forced to give a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs, and—"

He could go no farther. The audience broke loose again, and the girls flew at young Carter, hugging and kissing him in their joy. While that was going on Evan Morse seized a cane and rushed at the young lawyer, yelling:

"Call me a robber!"

CHAPTER IV.—"Take Me Away!"

On seeing the enraged mill owner rush toward him with upraised cane, Cal Carter instantly assumed a defensive attitude. But he had no need to do so, for he was surrounded by brawny workmen who looked upon him as their champion in the legal field. On the other hand, Mr. Howard, Morse's lawyer, was trying to hold his angry client and prevent him from committing a rash act. The lawyer had one arm around Morse and was holding him back. A brawny workingman from a factory down in the lower end of the city walked up to the mill owner and smashed him in the face with his fist, and dropped back into the crowd to escape arrest. It was a stunning blow and instantly took all the fight out of Evan Morse.

"Take me away!" he gasped out to his lawyer.

To the astonishment of the judge and many lawyers present, the dense crowd opened a passage all the way to the door, and as Morse and Howard passed out, hisses followed them. As soon as they were out a girl cried out:

"Three cheers for our boy lawyer!"

The cheering nearly raised the roof, and it lasted two or three minutes.

"Three cheers and a tiger for the honest judge!" sung out a strong-lunged fellow in the crowd, and again the roar shook the building. The judge was ambitious. He wanted the favor of the multitude, for he had an eye to a seat in Congress. He smiled, bowed and rapped for order.

But that crowd could not be controlled just then. They had seen happen what they had long prayed for, and hence could not repress their joy. They seized young Carter, and bore him on their shoulders down to the street and to his office two blocks away, fully five hundred following in their wake, cheering as they went. When they got to his office the corridor was jammed with the crowd. His little office would not hold over a dozen.

"My friends!" he called out from where he sat on a pair of brawny shoulders, "I have but a small office, else I would invite you all in with a welcome."

"You will soon have a whole floor!" sung out a voice.

"Yes, we'll stand by you!" yelled another, followed by a cheer.

"Well, I want you to know that I am at your service whenever you need me," he said. "If you have no money it will be all the same. I am generally in the same condition myself, yet we can manage to get justice at the hands of the law. We have won a great victory to-day, and the oppressor went down before the cudgel of justice."

How the crowd yelled and cheered! Every man wanted to shake his hand, and hundreds of them did. When they put him on his feet he entered his little office. They followed him till one could not turn round in there. There a few brawny men told him to stand by the workingmen and they would stand by him under all circumstances. He told them he would always try to get justice for a client. Then they gradually left him till he was alone in his little office.

Just across the corridor from his little office was the office of Henry Bailey, a very prominent and rich lawyer, who had a large practice. Among his clients were scores of merchants and manufacturers. He was very much annoyed by the big crowd that jammed the corridor for half an hour. When they were gone he entered Cal's office and asked:

"What was the row about, Carter?"

Cal told him in a few words. He shooked his head and laughed.

"That sort of practice doesn't pay," he said, "save in the experience one gets from it."

"That is just what I need," Cal replied. "I need both money and experience."

"That crowd never has any money to pay counsel."

"I have found that they pay counsel well by co-operation."

"That won't work all the time. When there is no excitement co-operation fails. You had better look out for better clients if you want to succeed at the bar."

"I shall never refuse counsel to a moneyless man if he has a good case," Cal returned.

"You will know more a year or two hence than you do now," dryly remarked the rich lawyer, as he turned to leave the little office.

"I am sure I hope I will. One must be a poor lawyer if he does not learn something every day of the year."

Bailey gave him a keen, sharp look and then went out. Cal turned to his desk and wrote down some points he wanted to remember. He was thus engaged when a man entered and stood by his desk. Cal looked up and said:

"Excuse me, sir. I didn't see you at first. What can I do for you?"

"That is what I want to find out, for I am sure I don't know myself. It's this way," and he sat down in a chair near the desk and began his story.

"It was a story of wrong and injustice suffered at the hands of a relentless landlord, but Cal saw at a glance that the man had no legal redress. It was a case which the law did not cover.

"There is no remedy in the law for you, sir," he said to him as soon as he had finished his story.

"There isn't?" gasped the man.

"None whatever. There is no law in the statute book that can help you. The law in your case is all in favor of your landlord," and he explained to him what the law was.

"Why, a lawyer in Court street told me he could handle it for me," said the astonished man.

"He wanted a fee in advance, did he not?" Cal asked.

"Yes—ten dollars."

"Well, it would be money thrown away to go to law about it. All you can do is to move away. He has the law on his side."

"What is your charge for what you have told me?" the man asked, running a hand into his pocket and looking at the youth inquiringly.

"Nothing at all, sir. Were you a man of means I would make a charge, but where a man is in your fix, I give legal advice free."

The man left, and went out to tell his friends

that "that 'ere boy lawyer was the poor man's friend every time."

Before the day ended Cal had all the papers in the girls' cases made out for final settlement. He was satisfied that his agreement in the courtroom with Morse's counsel would be kept to the letter. But when night came on he had not heard from the counsel.

"I'll wait till to-morrow," he said to himself, as he laid the papers away in his desk. "If I don't hear from him by noon I will call on him at his office with the papers."

He then locked up his little office and hurried down to the street, where he was soon lost to view in the throng of working people hurrying to their homes.

CHAPTER V.—The Boy Lawyer and the Grocer.

In the crowd that surged along the street going in his direction were many work girls. Some were just out of factories and others from the stores. The latter, being mostly salesgirls, were better dressed than the others. Their situations required that they should be. Young Cal Carter was hurrying along with the crowd when he felt a hand on his arm and a girlish voice ask:

"Oh, Mr. Carter, do let me see you just a few minutes!"

It was Maggie Brewer, the friend of Flossie Elmer.

"Why, yes, of course," he replied, coming to a full halt.

"You know me, don't you?" she asked him.

"Yes, you are Miss Brewer," he replied. "I never forget a name or face. You are Miss Elmer's friend."

"Yes, and it is on her account I wish to see you."

"Where do you live, Miss Brewer?" Cal asked her.

"On Manning street."

"Well, we can walk on then as we talk. I live beyond there myself. Come on and speak out."

She laughed and went along with him.

"Flossie got a good place in Redding's big dry-goods store at seven dollars a week," Maggie said. "The other day I heard the foreman talking to the superintendent in our place. He said Flossie was at work for Redding, and the superintendent said she wouldn't keep a place anywhere in the city after it was known where she was—that Mr. Morse regarded her as the cause of his trouble with his operatives and that he had instructed the mill manager to follow her up and see that she lost every place she got in the city. I went to see her last night and tell her what I had overheard, and found her crying as if her heart was broken. She had just been discharged. Her mother said it seemed as though they were doomed to starve. That is what I wanted to see you about and to ask you if there was any law to protect a poor girl in this city!"

"There is, and she shall have it, too, if I can get it for her," said Cal, his eyes blazing. "Lord, but I'd like to get Evan Morse in court once more—the villain!"

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that!" exclaimed Maggie. "I am sure you can do it if any

one can. You know we all believe in you as a lawyer."

"Very well. The first thing to do is to keep the matter a secret lest Morse hears of it and takes the alarm. Tell Flossie I'll take her case and charge nothing till I make him pay the money. She must come to my office or to my house and tell me all she knows about it. Then you must get some men, friends of hers among the mill hands, to help you get evidence, and to sustain her while the fight goes on. Can you do it?"

"Yes, and will, too, if it costs me my place. Why, every man in the mill is her friend."

"Very well—so much the better."

He left Maggie at the door of her home and made his way to his own. His mother had a good supper for him, and while they were eating it she read some complimentary things several papers had printed about him. She was so proud of him—her only child and only support in her widowhood.

"If I can win a place at the bar, mother," he said to her, "you shall never want for anything that money can buy."

"My greatest happiness will be in your success," she replied. "I shall cut out all these things and paste them in my scrap book."

The next day Flossie Elmer entered the little office of Cal Carter. He sprang up and offered her a chair, saying:

"I am glad to see you. I suppose you saw your friend Maggie last evening?"

"Yes. She called and told me what you said. I am so discouraged we would move out of the city if we had the means to do so."

"Just keep up a brave heart and fight it out. You will win, and he will be driven to the wall in the end."

"But how in the world can I live if I can't keep a place when I get it?" she asked.

"I'll see that you get a place, or that you are sustained by the mill people. It is their fight as well as yours," and then he began questioning her as to how she was discharged from Redding's, and she told him the manager simply paid her off and told her he didn't need her any longer. She did not see or hear of any one from Morse's mill having been there. After a half hour's stay she went away with the promise that she would get six dollars every Saturday night till she found a situation.

"Now, Mr. Morse," said Cal to himself, as the girl passed out of sight, "it is a war to the death. Your mills and millions shall not save you from the fate you so justly deserve," and he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for many minutes. He was thinking, and thinking hard, too.

Suddenly he sprang up, took down his hat from its place where he always hung it when he came in, and hurried out down to the street. Hastening up the street, he passed four or five blocks and then turned into a very extensive grocery establishment. There he asked for the proprietor.

"You will find him back in the office," said one of the clerks.

He went back and found the owner of the store to be a keen-eyed, elderly man with a bald head.

"Are you Mr. Aldridge?" he asked.

"Yes—that's my name," was the reply.

"Have you the leisure time to talk about ten minutes on business with me?"

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"My name is Carter—Cal Carter, lawyer—there's my card," and he handed him his card as he spoke.

"Oh, the boy lawyer, eh?" and the grocer at once became interested, gazing at him intently. "Yes, I can spare ten minutes. Take a seat and blaze away!"

Cal sat down and began:

"The majority of your customers are working people, I believe; Mr. Aldridge?"

"Yes. Nine-tenths of them are!"

"That's what I thought, and if you can get twice as many as you have now, you would not object, would you?"

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"Very well. You read about the Flossie Elmer case against Evan Morse, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, she got a place at Redding's, but at the end of a week she was discharged. One of the foremen in the mill was heard to say that the manager was going to follow her up till she was driven out of the city."

"The thunder you say!"

"Yes—but it's a profound secret. I am trying to get evidence to put the blame where it belongs. Now, I want to find a place for her where, if any one tries to have her discharged, the evidence as to the guilty one will be forthcoming when wanted. The store that does that will get an advertising that \$10,000 couldn't buy. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Is she a good girl?"

"I would stake my life on that. She is attractive, modest and well educated, having been born and bred in a better position in life than she now holds."

"How much does she want?"

"She is the main support of a widowed mother, and should have not less than ten dollars a week."

"Too much—can't afford it," and he shook his head.

"You can afford to pay her twenty dollars if you consider the value of her presence in your store when the explosion comes."

"Well, send her down to-morrow. I'll give her ten dollars. I believe you are right. I'd like to see you down Evan Morse again. He has money in a grocery over near the mill, and tries to send his hands there to trade."

CHAPTER VI.—The Mill Girl Gets a New Place. The Suit.

It was late in the afternoon when Flossie Elmer heard the whistle of the postman down at the street door, followed by his calling out:

"Elmer!"

"Oh, my! There must be a letter for us, mother!" she exclaimed, and down she went to get it.

She looked at the handwriting and failed to recognize it. But it was addressed to her, so she

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tore it open without waiting to climb the four flights of stairs again, and read:

"DEAR MISS ELMER:

"I have seen Mr. Aldridge, the proprietor of the extensive store on Main street, in your interest. He says he will pay you \$10 a week to work in his place if you will call there to-morrow morning. He says, further, that you can depend on it that nothing coming from the Morses can have any weight with him. Hoping the position will suit you, I am, Very respectfully,
"CAL CARTER."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried, and then went bounding up the stairs like a young fawn. She burst upon her mother with such exclamations of joy as to startle her.

"Read that!" she cried, throwing the letter into her mother's lap, and then hugging her with all her might.

"Why, what is it, dear? I can't read it if you keep on this way."

Flossie released her and she read it. Tears of joy filled her eyes.

"What a Godsend it is!" she said.

That evening Maggie Brewer and Ben Gurley called on Flossie with help from the mill men. She told them young Lawyer Carter had found another place for her, and so they did not give her the money they had brought with them.

"Tell them to come to Aldridge's and buy groceries Saturday night," she said to Ben, "and that will help me to keep the place."

"I'll lick the whole crowd if they don't," said Ben, at which the two girls laughed heartily.

The next morning Flossie reported at the big store and was put to work in the fancy goods department. She was bright and quick, and her beauty won the favor of all the male clerks at once. The grocer's son, a youth of twenty, who held a place in the office, was very active in showing her the prices of everything in her department. At the mill Ben Gurley told the men of her good luck, and the influence of the boy lawyer was the topic of conversation during the dinner hour. He even told the foreman, who remarked:

"She can't keep the place. She is a green hand at the business."

"But she is quick to learn—is Flossie," returned Ben.

The next day the papers had it that Flossie Elmer, the young girl who compelled Evan Morse, the mill owner, to settle with her for work done in his mill, was now in the employ of Aldridge, the main street grocer. Nearly every operative had copies of the papers when they came to the mill, and so it soon got up into the manager's office. The manager was in a rage. Even Morse read it when he came in and a consultation was held. Two days later the manager himself appeared at the store and bought a bill of goods to be sent to his home. He paid the bill, which was considerable, and asked a clerk if Mr. Aldridge was in.

"He is in the office," said the clerk.

"Can I see him?"

"Of course—walk back, sir."

He went back and saw the proprietor, introduced himself, showed his receipted bill and said:

"I dropped in to buy these goods, and after I

had bought them I happened to see a Miss Elmer here as one of your clerks."

"Yes, we took her on this week," said Aldridge.

"Well, if she is to be here my wife and daughters can't come here to trade—nor can many other ladies I could name."

"What is wrong about her?"

"Excuse me from saying more. There are many ladies who would not think of trading where she is employed," and with that he bowed himself out.

Flossie saw him as he passed through the store. She turned pale, for she did not know what would be the end of it. But the end of the week was the next day, and that evening the store was jammed with men and their wives from the mills. They greeted her on all sides, and Aldridge was so pleased he went to her and said:

"There are many of your friends here, I see. Some of them will have to wait for their turn to be waited on. I guess you had better stop work and talk to them and try to keep them here till they get what they want."

Flossie was bright, happy and chatty. She spoke to every one of them and made regular customers of most of them. The clerks never had such a busy time before. She acted as a sort of floorwalker and saw that they got what they came for. Many of the mill girls came in and bought candies, chewing gum and other things, and chatted with Flossie. Her wages were handed her in a sealed envelope. She opened it before leaving the store, so anxious was she to know what the result of the mill manager's visit would be. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill, and a scrap of paper, on which was written in pencil:

"Next week your wages will be twelve dollars, and if your friends stay with you in trade I'll make it fifteen dollars."

Her eyes filled with tears. She wanted to go back to the office and thank the proprietor, but there were others there, so she started to go out and get on a street car. One of the clerks met her at the door and said:

"It is late, Miss Elmer. Permit me to see you home."

"I am used to it, thank you," she replied.

"Then grant me the pleasure, anyway," he begged.

"Certainly, if it will be a pleasure to you," and so he accompanied her to the door of her home.

She showed the grocer's note to her mother, who sat up waiting for her. Her gladness overflowed when Flossie told her how the mill hands crowded into the store and greeted her.

"Oh, they crowded the store, mother," she said, "and every one of them called 'Hello, Flossie!' and bought something. They knew it would help me, and it did. Mr. Aldridge looked so pleased and was so kind to me. I do hope they will come in that way every Saturday night."

On Monday morning Flossie was promptly at her place in the store. On Tuesday it was known at the mills that she was still at work for the big grocer. On Wednesday the mill manager called again and had another talk with Aldridge. But he bought no goods. He asked:

"Are you going to keep that Elmer girl here?"

"Yes, unless I can see any just cause for sending her away. She is a valuable help."

"You don't care for the trade of respectable people, then?"

"Indeed I do. If she is not respectable I'll send her away. She is poor. That is the lot of all people who have to work for a living."

"I don't consider her respectable," said the mill manager.

"Do you say she is not respectable?" Aldridge asked.

"I do—you have my word for it."

"Well, I'll look into the matter then. I am glad you told me, and I thank you very much."

The manager left, and a half hour later Aldridge was seated in Cal Carter's office telling him all that the villain had said to him about Flossie.

"That is enough," said Cal. "Your bookkeeper heard him, too?"

"Yes, every word of it."

"Just wait till I write it down, please. I want your affidavit."

Ten minutes later the grocer had signed the document in the presence of a notary, after swearing to the truth of its statements. Then he went away and the bookkeeper came. He told the same story and swore to the truth of it. Two days later the manager of the mill was sued for ten thousand dollars for defamation of character, and his property, consisting of two houses in the vicinity of the mills, was attached to await the result of the suit. Cal Carter was the attorney for the plaintiff—Flossie Elmer. When the papers were served the manager turned pale and gasped:

"I haven't defamed anybody."

"Then you won't have to pay any damages," remarked the process-server. "But you can bet that boy lawyer will make things lively in court. I wouldn't care to have him after me."

"He can't harm an innocent man," said the manager, recovering himself somewhat.

The mill owner was in the office at the time and heard what passed between the manager and the process-server. When the latter left the manager handed the writ to Morse, saying:

"There's new trouble, sir."

Morse read the paper, looked serious, and then remarked:

"I guess you have managed badly, Mr. Kramer."

"I followed instructions, sir."

"But you were not instructed to make yourself liable to this suit. I say you have managed badly, very badly, sir."

"I said no more than what you suggested, sir. If that is actionable the fault is yours—not mine."

"I think you had better leave the mill, sir. The cashier will pay you your wages up to date," and the millionaire mill owner rose to his feet and passed into the inner office—his private office.

Kramer was like one dazed for the moment, and then, as if suddenly recovering himself, he darted forward and burst into the private office, and closed the door behind him with a savage slam.

When Kramer threatened Morse with an explanation of the whole affair in court, the millionaire took water and told Kramer he was too hasty in discharging him, and he should keep his

place and he (Morse) would hire counsel to defend him.

A couple of days later Lawyer Howard called on Cal Carter in reference to the Kramer-Elmer case. But Cal refused to back down on any point, and Howard went away satisfied he had a hot fight on his hands.

The next week Flossie received \$15 from her employer and that Saturday night as she was going home, accompanied by Maggie and Ben Gurley they were followed by a man from the mill. Ben turned on the man and asked him what he was following them for, but the man made an evasive answer to the effect that he was not doing so, and hastened away in an opposite direction.

Next day was Sunday, and Ben met Cal Carter. As they met Ben glanced up the street and saw the same man that followed him the day previous. Ben told Cal that a man was following them and pointed him out to the lawyer, stating that he (Ben) would lose his job in the mill that week. Cal told him to let him know if such a thing occurred, and they proceeded to walk in the same direction, observing that the spy still followed them.

When the mill opened the next morning Ben Gurley was told by the superintendent that his services were no longer required, as the manager had ordered his discharge. When the mill hands learned about Ben's discharge they held a meeting and resolved to go on strike until he was taken back. When Morse heard of the trouble his manager was in he ordered him to take Ben back and settle the strike. When the men came back to work Kramer, who had it in for Ben, made a sarcastic remark to him as he was passing, to which Ben made no response, and with that he ran up to Ben and kicked him in the leg. Ben immediately knocked him flat with his brawny fist. Kramer had Ben arrested, and Cal Carter hearing of it, appeared in court to defend him. When the judge learned from different witnesses that Kramer kicked Ben first he discharged Gurley.

Morse, who was in the courtroom, sprang up, saying: "Hold on, judge!"

CHAPTER VII.—The Mill Owner in a Rage.

The judge was astonished. He had just rendered his decision, and was not used to being thus interrupted while on the bench. He looked at the mill owner, and waited to hear what he had to say. He had jumped up and called out on the impulse of the moment, and now that he had to say something, he regretted his impulsiveness.

"Well, what is it, sir?" the judge asked.

"I wish—er—to say that—er—both these men are in my employ. The effect of your decision will be to encourage disorder among the other workmen, and—"

"I have nothing to do with that, sir," the judge said, interrupting him.

"I know that, sir, but I want to know if I have the legal right to discharge Mr. Gurley from my employ?"

"Of course you have. Your counsel could have

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satisfied you on that point. You can discharge every one in your employ and shut up your mill if you choose to do so. The mill is your property, to do with as you please."

"Have my employees any legal right to interfere in the management of my business, collectively or individually?"

"Certainly not," the judge replied. "This is a free country, in which a man can do as he pleases with his own, so long as he does not interfere with any one else's right to do the same thing."

"Thanks, your honor. I see over a hundred of my employees here, and I wanted them to hear you say what you have just said to me," and the mill owner sat down and mopped his perspiring face with his handkerchief.

In a second a storm of hisses assailed him. The judge rapped for order, but the hisses continued, growing more fierce in tone each moment. Springing to his feet, the judge ordered the courtroom cleared. The officers tried to obey the order, but could make no impression on the crowd. Nobody paid any attention to them. Under the circumstances the judge adjourned the court and left by a side door, and Morse followed him. The moment the judge left the room, Cal Carter sprang upon a table and waved his hand for silence.

"My friends!" he cried, and instantly every hiss ceased and every eye was turned on him. Then a burst of thunderous applause greeted him. When it subsided he said:

"I know how you feel. You feel for each other just as all mankind should feel. God made all the world akin, for in the beginning there was but one family. In the field of labor each man was brother to the other, till envy, jealousy and hatred came in to set brother against brother. Then it was that Cain rose up and slew Abel. Since then the men who slay their brothers, or starve them and their families by the power of capital, have had to bear burdens greater than they can bear. You have just branded Evan Morse by your hisses till it burned into his soul, there to remain to the end of his life. Now let me counsel moderation on your part. You have families who must have food and shelter and raiment. Keep your places there in the mill, and violate no law in trying to force Ben Gurley in as an employee. He is a single man, and can find work elsewhere, and—." ("If he leaves we all leave, too!" cried a voice in the crowd, at which a tremendous yell of approval went up.) "No, no! Have no strike, my friends. This is no case for a strike," and then he poured out a torrent of eloquence and logic that held the indignant workingmen spell-bound for twenty minutes.

They were swayed even as the wind bends the ripened fruit, when in the direction it blows, and when he ceased speaking they cheered him frantically. They went back to the mill, and Cal to his office. Ben Gurley followed him there, to his surprise, and said:

"I am glad you told the men not to strike on my account. I can get another place."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Cal, grasping his hand.

Ben went out of the little office the sworn friend of the boy lawyer for life. When Evan Morse

left the courtroom in company with his counsel, the latter said to him:

"I am sorry you had anything to say in court. You see how the crowd hissed you."

"I don't mind the hissing," replied the mill owner. "I wanted them to hear from the judge on the bench in open court the truth about a man's right to run his business to suit himself. They won't listen to lawyers or anybody else outside a court, and now they have had it straight from the court."

"I think you are laboring under a mistake if you think they don't know the law about that point as well as you do," said the lawyer. "They say the law is against them, but they claim that the right of defense cannot be taken from them by any law—that all men have the right of self-defense, and that strikes are defensive weapons."

They rode away in the mill owner's carriage. Morse did not care to go to the mill again that day for fear of trouble. He preferred to let Kramer face it alone. Kramer had no trouble that day, for Gurley did not go back to the mill to claim his place, hence the men had no excuse to make trouble for him. Both Morse and Kramer were amazed the next morning when they read in the papers an account of Carter's speech to the mill men after the court adjourned. They could hardly believe it possible that the young lawyer had actually counseled the men to seek no revenge, but to stick to their work and take care of their families.

"I didn't think he had so much good common sense," said the mill owner, as he read the account in his sumptuous home. "He was given me more trouble any any lawyer in the State. I think it would be a good investment to pay him five hundred dollars a year not to take any cases against me or anyone in my employ. I'll speak to Howard about it. He is a dangerous counsel to have against me, as he knows how to win the judge, jury and spectators. Yes, I'll see Howard about it."

But Howard shook his head and said:

"Nonsense. Let the boy alone. He'll grow out of his boyhood pretty soon, and when he is no longer a boy he will cease to be a wonder."

Cal Carter's business soon began to assume the proportions of a successful lawyer and he was forced to hire new rooms. One day he was hired by an old woman to bring suit against a railroad company for injuries sustained by her daughter. The company had refused to either aid or make restitution in any shape or form. Cal took the case and the company was notified that a claim for \$10,000 damages against them had been placed in his hands. They took no notice of the claim, and Cal had twenty of their cars attached to satisfy his claim, whereupon the company, seeing they were cornered, settled the case out of court by paying a substantial sum over to the client.

One day a girl came to him with papers she asked him to look over and see if they were worth anything. They had been left in an old chest which had belonged to her grandfather. Cal looked them over. They were old deeds to property dating from the Revolutionary War. He asked her to leave the papers with him and call the next day for his answer. So the girl did so.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Old Deeds.

On returning to his desk, Cal sat down and began reading the old papers, yellow with age but well preserved. They were a succession of deeds to a tract of land in New Jersey, fronting on the Hudson river, and extending back to the range of high hills in the rear. They told of certain numbers of lots and acres with great accuracy, all of which belonged to one Josiah Hoffman, who had paid certain sums of money for them.

"These deeds appear to be all right as far as they go," said Cal to himself, after reading them over very carefully, "but they are old, very old, and may not be worth a penny so far as the property is concerned, but I'd like to trace that property up and find out who owns it now, and old Jerry Crossman is the one man in the city who can tell me all I want to know about it. I'll drop in and see him on my way home to dinner. He has been in the real estate business for half a century, and has more old maps and records than any other man in the State. Judge Hicks told me a month ago to go to him if I wanted to know anything about real estate in the city."

On his way home he stopped at the dingy little old office of "Jerry Crossman—real estate," and found the little old man in. He was about eighty years old, sharp-featured, wrinkled and spectacled.

"You are Mr. Crossman?" Cal asked.

"Yes," with a nod of the head.

"I am trying to trace up certain tracts of land lying somewhere in this city," Cal said, "and Judge Hicks once told me that you knew more about real estate in this county than any ten men in it. So you can understand why I have come to you."

"Yes, yes—leave me the numbers and name of the owner, together with a five-dollar bill, and I'll write down for you all I can find out about it."

"When can I have it?"

"To-morrow at this time."

"Very well. Here's the five dollars. Here's some old deeds of the property from which you can get the name and numbers. Take good care of them."

"Give me your name also, please," said the old man, taking up a pencil to write it down.

"Here's my card," and Cal handed him his professional card. The old man glanced at the name, and then looked over his glasses at the youth in front of him.

"I've heard of you," he said, as he laid down the card. "Call to-morrow."

Cal wrote a note to the young woman, telling her to postpone calling at his office till a later day, when he should probably be able to give her more reliable information about the papers she had left with him. True to his promise, old Crossman had his report ready by noon the next day. Cal read it with eager interest. It said that the land in question lay in the heart of the city, and was now worth millions—that certain lots had been sold by Hoffman to various parties when they were cheap—that a tract No. 37 had been sold by the sheriff in 1830 under

adjudgment by court in a suit of debt. That tract was now covered by the yards and mills of the Evan Morse Company, and two blocks of houses north of it. That was the report for which he had paid the old man five dollars out of his own pocket.

"You can find the record of the judgment, the sale and the sheriff's deed in the county records in the courthouse," the old man added.

Having paid for it, Cal took it with him to his office, together with the old deeds. He made up his mind to go to the courthouse and look over the record for himself. He found that the debt for which the tract was sold was \$1,000. Everything seemed to be regular and he went back to his office.

He took down some old reports of Supreme Court cases and looked through them. In a case before the court in 1832, two years after the sale of Hoffman's land for debt, he found that a decision had been made that the court below, from which the case had been appealed, was illegally constituted and, therefore, all its decisions null and void. That interested him, and on further investigation he ascertained that the court had to be reorganized so as to comply with the law and make its mandates legal.

"That's interesting reading under the circumstances," he said to himself. "I'll see if Hoffman's land was sold under a judgment obtained in that illegal court."

He hurried over to the courthouse and again searched the records. To his astonishment he found that his suspicions were correct. Then he followed the record of the property, down to the day it passed into the hands of the Evan Morse Company, to see if the judgment had been given by any legally constituted court. The matter was so insignificant at that time that no further proceedings resulted. Other properties were in the same fix, he discovered.

"Well, well, well!" he ejaculated, as the truth flashed upon him. "My fortune is assured. I can recover every foot of that land for Miss Hoffman. There's millions of other property in the same fix, I guess. I am going to fix this case so as to control it, for it will wake up the bar of the State as well as create a tremendous sensation in real estate circles."

That day Miss Myra Hoffman called at his office. He gave her a seat near his desk and said:

"After looking over the papers you left with me, I went to the courthouse and searched the records there. I found that your great-grandfather had sold nearly all his land when land was cheap. But one tract was sold by the sheriff for a debt of \$1,000. I believe it was illegally sold and that it can be recovered. It is now worth two or more millions, and those who now own it will fight to the last court for it. They have money and you haven't. If you will sign a contract giving me one-half of all I may recover, as well as exclusive control of the case, I will undertake to sue for you."

"I'll gladly do that, sir," she said.

"Very well—here is the contract. Let me read it to you," and he took up a sheet of paper and read it to her. She listened carefully, and said she would sign it.

"Read it your self first," he said to her, and

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she took the paper and read it over, after which she took up a pen to sign it.

"It must be signed in the presence of a notary," he said. "They went into Mr. Bailey's office where his bookkeeper was a notary. It was there duly signed and witnessed."

Returning to his office, Cal said:

"Now, Miss Hoffman, this suit will create a tremendous sensation when it is started. Reporters will call on you. Tell them nothing about the case. Refer them to me. Men will offer to marry you, but they will be fortune-hunters. Promise me you will not marry till this case is settled."

"I'll promise all that," she laughed. "If they didn't notice me poor they can't do it when I am rich. I've had an old grandmother to take care of, and I guess that kept the men away."

"You have a situation?"

"Yes. I can take care of myself."

"Very well. Should you need any help let me know. It may be a long time before the case is decided. Don't speak of it to anyone till I start the suit."

"When will you begin it?"

"Inside of a month."

She rose to leave, and he accompanied her to the head of the flight of stairs that led to the street. There he shook hands with her. Just as he was about to return to his office he saw a dozen millmen rush up the stairs, evidently in a state of great excitement.

Then Cal learned from the millmen there was another strike at the mills on account of Kramer's treatment of Ben Gurley, and they demanded his dismissal. Cal advised them to go home and make no disturbance. But they told him a mass meeting was being held in the mill yard. Cal then said he would go with them and see what he could do. When he arrived there he saw a great body of men and women congregated listening to talks by their leaders. The police captain and a large force of police were on the ground. Cal went up to the police captain and suggested he talk to the crowd and see if he could not use his influence to disperse them quietly to their homes. The captain urged him to do so, so Cal mounted a box and used his voice to such effect that in a few minutes the crowd to the last person filed out of the yard and went their way homeward.

When Morse learned who it was who so easily dispersed the crowd he felt very gracious and remarked that if everyone had as much sense as the boy lawyer there would be less trouble in the world. Then he sent for Kramer and ordered him to write out his resignation, after which he gave him a position in another department with the same wages as before. Later in the day a committee waited on the mill owner and was told Kramer had been removed. Thereupon the hands all returned to work the next day.

CHAPTER IX.—Cal's Little Story In Court.

As might have been expected, Cal's speech to the strikers, and its wonderful effect on them, was the talk of the whole city next day. It was a leap to fame, for it told in a way that could not be disputed that he was a great orator, boy

though he was. Lawyer Bailey, whose office adjoined his, called on him and said:

"That speech is the corner-stone of your future, Carter. I hope you know how to profit by it."

"I don't know that I do," laughed Cal, "but I intend to go on dealing honestly with the working people. They are too much prone to ignore the rights of others in discussing and defending their own."

"That's true, every word of it. But you are the only one I ever saw who could tell them so, and not be howled down by them."

"They know I am their friend."

"Yes, that may be the cause of it. Had I talked to them as you did yesterday, they would have mobbed me."

When Cal heard of the victory of the mill men over Kramer he was very glad. He went to the police court to defend those who had been arrested for violence and defended them. The judge was a politician and so they got off with small fines. That done he returned to his office and pored over the reports in the courts held fifty years back. He was gathering in all the decisions of the highest courts of the State at that time, reversing decisions of the court of 1830 on the ground of its not being legally constituted. He spent four weeks in that search, by which time he had gathered a marvelous store of information on that point. His retentive memory enabled him to hold it all for ready use.

Then he read up on the real estate law of the State. He searched the county records till the names and possessions of all the old settlers were familiar to him. Consultations with old Jerry Crossman were frequent, and each time the old man demanded a fee of five dollars, which was paid cheerfully. At last he had all the papers ready for the move. He put them into court and served notice on the Evan Morse Company and the owners of the two blocks above the mills. Evans Morse was amazed as well as mystified. He could not understand it, so he called on his lawyer. Howard did not understand it either, and called on Cal for an explanation. Cal very promptly gave it to him, and he returned to his client in a frame of mind that could not be described.

"What can he do?" Morse asked.

"I don't know. There are two sides to every question. I'll look up the matter and let you know."

The claim was published in all the papers of the city, as well as the big dailies of New York, and created a big sensation in both legal and real estate circles. Reporters called on Cal by the dozen and he told them the whole story.

"That boy has made the biggest hit of the year," said an old lawyer. "He has dropped on to a thing not another lawyer in this city has ever noticed. But he is young and may live long enough to see the end of the case, for men who own millions of dollars' worth of property will fight for it as long as they have a dollar."

"He has no money to fight with," suggested another.

"That won't keep him back. He has the law on his side. It's a question whether he can keep

up the fight for years without any fee from his client."

That was the question with several, but not with Cal Carter. His income from his practice was now enough to enable him to keep his mother in comfortable style, hence he could wait for the great case to end, no matter how long it took. The suit began in due form, and in a little while Howard had five of the ablest lawyers in New York City associated with him in the defense. Knowing the tremendous force of public opinion, he kept the papers posted about six famous lawyers engaged in a legal battle against the boy lawyer. At the end of three months the case was called. Cal was on hand with his books piled up on a table before him. Howard rose in his place and addressed the court, calling attention to the immense interests involved, and the great questions of law that would have to be discussed, and asked that the case go over to the next term of court in order to enable counsel to be fully prepared to try it. When he sat down the judge looked over at Cal and asked:

"What has counsel for plaintiff to say on that point?"

Cal sprang to his feet and made a profound bow to the judge, who was one of the most distinguished in the State, and said:

"May it please the court, the six legal giants arrayed against me seem to be afraid to go to trial. I am here ready to proceed. They have had three months' notice. There are no witnesses to summon—no material witnesses absent. If they really are not prepared to go to trial they have been remiss in their duty to their clients, for the fault is solely their own, and—"

"May it please the court!" exclaimed Howard, springing up and interrupting Cal, "I protest. We all have a large clientage and cannot rush into trial of important cases like this one on short notice."

"There are six of them, your honor, and every one a giant. Delay is one of the plans of defense. One day, in 'Barnum's greatest show on earth,' all the elephants were heard trumpeting in terror with their trumpets high in the air. On investigation it was found that a little mouse was running about in their inclosure. These six legal giants, or elephants, seem to be in a state of terror over the presence of a boy lawyer in court."

The judge, bar and spectators roared with laughter, and the six lawyers flushed furiously. They were in a tight place.

"Give them one week, your honor, to study up the case," continued Cal. "Perhaps by that time they may either be ready to go to trial, or in a frame of mind to advise their clients to surrender the property that justly belongs to my client. In the meantime I can take a day off and go fishing. My law practice is not so large as theirs at present. I've been catching minnows heretofore, but now I've got a whale hooked, who is begging for time instead of trying to make a Jonah of me."

Those six lawyers were the maddest men ever seen in a courtroom. They saw that the boy was a two-edged sword that cut everything it touched, and so did not argue the motion, but awaited the decision of the judge. The case was post-

poned one week, and thereupon Cal began to gather up his books of reference.

CHAPTER X.—The Great Trial Opens.

The first skirmish with the boy lawyer told the counsel for the defense that a hot, merciless fight was before Howard, and he was the only one of the six who had ever seen him before. He had told them that he was a marvelous orator, but they could not realize the extent of his powers till they had met him in court.

"It is unfortunate that we have to meet him this way," remarked one of the New York lawyers, "for his youth is a protest against any blow we may give him."

"Yes," assented Howard, "and he is shrewd enough to take advantage of that fact. But aside from that he can give blow for blow and will ask for no quarter."

"Then we need not show any mercy," remarked another.

"No. We shall do well if we do not have to beg for mercy," returned Howard. "He has the best of the case in the matter of law. Our defense is strong only as we fortify the claim of long and undisturbed possession."

The boy lawyer had never had a case in that court before, so he was quite a stranger to the judge and bar. But his tilt with Howard caused them to open their eyes and regard him with interest. He never appeared in court during that week again. The day before the case was to come up he went fishing, and was tanned brown as a berry by the sun and salt air. He did that to make good his remark in court that he would do so. When the case was called Cal promptly responded that the plaintiff was ready. Howard replied to the same effect and the work of selecting a jury began. The counsel for defense objected to many good men for various reasons, and Cal watched closely to see that no one got on who could be benefited by the defeat of his client. It took a whole day to select the jury, and when it was done the court adjourned to the next morning to begin the trial.

When court convened the next morning, Cal arose and opened the case by explaining to the jury the nature of the case, the property involved, the illegality of the court under whose decision the property had been sold for a debt of \$1,000. He told his story in a clear, terse way, so that every juror fully comprehended it, and at times his sentences were so eloquent in delivery that judge, jury, bar and spectators were held spellbound. He did not seem to try to be eloquent at all. He was earnest and sincere to a degree that impressed everyone who heard him with the conviction that he believed in his case. When he finished the jurors seemed to regret that he had done so. They looked at him with admiration expressed in every glance.

Howard, in outlining the defense, was shrewd enough to praise the boy lawyer's speech, after which he said a great deal about the law of possession, of innocent purchasers of property, who had improved and paid taxes on property for years. Both sides having presented their line of battle Cal placed Myra Hoffman on the

stand and drew from her the story of her inheritance of the old deeds. She produced three old family Bibles to show her descent from Josiah Hoffman. Then Howard took her in hand and made her tell the story of her own life, trying to make her contradict herself in various ways. She proved a model witness for patience and good nature. She had worked for nine years to support her grandmother who left her the deeds at her death, refusing twice advantageous offers of marriage to devote her life to the helpless old woman.

"No man can ever doubt the word of such a woman," remarked Cal, loud enough for the jury to hear it.

One of the six lawyers sprang up and protested against the remark.

"What was it? I didn't hear it," said the judge.

The lawyer seemed loath to repeat the words. He said:

"Counsel for plaintiff made a remark to the jury."

"I beg pardon. I did nothing of the kind, your honor. I did not address myself to anybody. I simply remarked that 'no man could doubt the word of such a woman.' I doubt if half the jury heard it, but they have it now, thanks to the fright of counsel."

"Counsel is not frightened," said the lawyer, annoyed by the laughter throughout the courtroom. "My young brother mistakes disgust for fright."

"They go together in this case," retorted Cal, and the judge called them both to order. Cal settled down and looked innocent, whistled softly to himself and looked up at the judge. The judge seemed to be studying him all the time.

Then followed the deeds, the court records, the judgment of the court in 1830 under which the property was sold, and, lastly, the decisions of that particular court were null and void because of illegal constitution.

"I rest here," said Cal, looking around at the six lawyers, who held a short consultation where they sat.

Then Howard arose and said:

"May it please the court, we have no witnesses to call to the stand save such as are innocent purchasers of this property. The Evan Morse Company have a chain of titles from the sheriff who sold the property at public outcry in 1830 down to the present day. They are in the hands of junior counsel who will read them to the court and jury."

"May it please the court," cried Cal, springing to his feet, "we concede that his titles are all right, save that the sheriff had no legal right to sell the property under a judgment obtained in an illegally constituted court."

"Then I ask your honor to adjourn court for the—the hour being late. We may have important documents to offer in the morning."

"I am at your service," he said to her, bowing very respectfully. Over a dozen old lawyers gazed at him as though they regarded him in the light of a wonder. He did not seem to notice them; but one of the New York lawyers for the defense came up to him, extended his hand, saying:

"I want to shake hands with you, Carter. My name is Berriman."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Berriman," said Cal, grasping his hand. "I have very few acquaintances among the New York bar, and hope this case will not deprive me of yours."

"I see no reason why it should. You are the youngest lawyer I ever met, and, naturally, I am interested in you. How old are you?"

"I am not yet eighteen, but soon will be," was the reply. "I have studied hard and decided to begin practice as soon as possible. Could not have been admitted in New York, I believe."

"How long will you speak to-morrow morning?"

"I can't say; but as soon as I feel sure of the verdict I'll stop."

The other lawyers standing around laughed—as did Berriman, who replied:

"You really think you can get a verdict, then?"

"Of course I do. I am confident of winning. I am a David with a sling in this case, the only difference between the original David and myself is—he has only one giant to slay, while I have six."

Again they laughed, and Berriman bowed low in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Excuse me, gentlemen. I must see my client safely to her home," and he bowed himself away, joined Myra Hoffman, offered her his arm, and led her down to the street, and rode with her on a street car to her home.

"You were saucy to those old lawyers," she remarked to him, as soon as they were seated in the car. "To-morrow they will try to crush you."

"They will try to do that anyway, but I don't think they will succeed. I have read up the law bearing on the case, and know that they can't beat me unless they bribe the jury."

"Do you think they could do that?"

"It has been done many times, but I don't think they will try it in this case, for they probably feel safe enough against a boy lawyer. Do you intend to be in court to-morrow?"

"Yes. I would not miss hearing the speeches for anything."

"Get Mrs. Elmer to come with you if you can. You will feel more comfortable if she is with you."

"I'll ask her to go with me," said Myra, as he left her at her door.

He hastened home to his mother and told her of the events of the day. She was so much interested that she too decided to attend court the next morning to hear his speech. That night Cal sat up late jotting down certain things he wished to say in his speech. He was a bit nervous, as great lawyers would be there, and the judge himself, a great legal light, was one to whom he desired to pay marked respect. When he reached the court-house with his mother he was astonished at seeing an immense crowd surrounding it clamoring for admission. There

CHAPTER XI.—The Great Trial Begun.

As soon as the court adjourned Cal hastened to the side of Myra Hoffman, who was fanning herself vigorously.

were more than a thousand women there, all eager to get in. The morning papers had made sensational reports of the occurrences in court the day before, so the people came to hear the arguments before the jury.

He had to ask a policeman to force a passage for him into the courtroom, and when he entered no little excitement occurred, so anxious were the people to see him. He conducted his mother to a seat by the side of Mrs. Elmer and Myra Hoffman, who had been there half an hour. He introduced them to her. His books were on the table, a clerk of the court having taken charge of them for him. He glanced over them to see if they were all there, and then waited for the case to be called. When it was called he rose to his feet and made a profound bow to the judge and then to the jury. The silence in the densely packed courtroom was like that of the tomb. Everyone wanted to hear him.

"May it please the court," he began, and again a profound bow to the judge, "and gentlemen of the jury," and turning half way round bowed to the jurymen, "I count it a great honor to appear in this court to-day, so famous throughout the State for its learning, the wisdom of its decisions, and the high standing of members of the bar. I am young in years and have much to learn. Thirsting for knowledge, I am here to absorb from this court and bar some of that learning that has brought fame and wealth to those who have it. Youth is no crime, else our elders are all criminals. Age learns from experience, and those who heed the teachings of Time should have charity for the temerity of youth. I am not responsible for the array of counsel that appears for the defense. Each one is an intellectual giant grown gray in legal battles and victories. I would stand appalled in their presence in this case were I not made bold in my belief in the justice of my cause. Like the Christian whose faith cannot be shaken by the fierce winds of adversity or the waves of infidelity that beat against it, who stands unmoved with the word of the Living God clasped to his bosom, so stand I in this presence clinging to the law of the land, while the cyclonic blasts of legal eloquence assail me from six different quarters of the compass," and as he finished that sentence he seized a huge volume of the statutes and pressed it to his bosom, giving a defiant glance at the array of counsel. The effect was electrical, and a burst of applause followed. The judge rapped vigorously, and said:

"There must be no demonstrations of any kind in this court. It is out of place in a court of justice, and cannot be permitted."

Then Cal resumed his speech. He laid down the big book and faced the jury, saying:

"My faith in the law of the land, as it is here written," tapping the book with his right hand, "is not one whit greater than my faith in the honor and justice if the jury into whose hands I place the claim of my client. I can open this book and read what is written on its pages by the great jurists whose names will never die; I can look into your faces and read there what God has written upon the tablets of your hearts—the injunction to love mercy and do justice. I can look up and behold a just judge

on the bench, and know that the scales of justice will give no false weight in this court. So my faith impels me to turn to my fair client and say to her those words that have consoled so many in the long ages of the past—'let not your heart be troubled.'"

Myra Hoffman burst into tears in spite of her efforts to be calm and buried her face in her handkerchief. Several of the jurymen were touched by her emotions, and every woman in the packed audience was moved. His marvelous touches of the Christians' faith moved all hearts and the six gray-haired lawyers wore uneasy expressions on their faces. Then he dived into the history of the case, and, in clear, terse language, told of the suit, judgment, and sale of the Hoffman land for a debt of \$1,000 way back in 1830, when it was still in the woods. He read decision after decision of the higher court, declaring the lower one of illegal institution, and all its acts null and void. From that he went into an examination of Myra Hoffman's claim, dwelling on her evidence, oral and written, and bringing out all the lights and shadows of her struggle to support her aged grandmother, refusing offers of marriage, stifling the longings of a womanly heart in devotion to duty to the aged one. Never was such a picture drawn in the presence of a jury. Never was woman's sacrifice so grandly portrayed. The face of the venerable judge beamed, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. Women sobbed in all parts of the courtroom, and Myra herself lost control of herself. Mrs. Elmer and Cal's mother put their arms around her.

"Since hearing her simple story on the witness stand," he said, in conclusion, "I have had one overpowering desire in my soul—one that sways every emotion of my heart, and that is, that in the years to come my love and my devotion to my gentle loving mother may be like unto that of Myra Hoffman!"

CHAPTER XII.—The Verdict.

Cal dropped into a seat when he ceased speaking. Quick as a flash his mother sprang forward, clasped her arms round his neck and kissed him. Tears streamed down her face. She was happy over the sentiments he had uttered rather than the eloquence of his oratory. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Men and women were convulsed by emotions they could not control, and when the counsel for defense rose to speak he could hear sobs from the audience in many quarters. He was a New York lawyer who had a great reputation as an orator. He began by paying a high tribute to the young counsel who had just finished the most remarkable speech he had ever heard in a courtroom.

"His eloquence is marvelous," he said, "and is like music to emotional people. We lawyers have found in our long experience at the bar that higher courts have often been compelled to reverse verdicts of juries, given under the emotional influences of speeches such as we have just listened to. It is a wise admonition in the old proverb, 'be just before you are merciful'

Yet I believe in tempering justice with mercy. No human life is involved in this case, but a monstrous injustice menaces our clients in this claim to tear millions of money from them for no fault of their own."

It was a masterly effort—one that sustained his reputation as a great lawyer, and the audience remained to hear him through. When he finished it was noon. The court adjourned for two hours to let the court officers, jury, and lardine. No sooner had it done so than a rush was made by lawyers and others to shake Cal's hand. His mother sat by Myra's side and looked on, her face all aglow with motherly pride. Even the judge came down and extended his hand to him, saying:

"It was a fine speech."

"Thanks, your honor," said Cal, bowing low before him.

The judge went to Mrs. Carter, extended his hand to her, and said:

"Madam, I congratulate you. You should be a very happy mother."

"Oh, I am—I am!" she replied. "I didn't know his powers before."

Other ladies surrounded her and Myra for half an hour, and then as Cal tried to get at them to take them out to dinner, an old lawyer said to him:

"Your mother and your client have friends here with them. I invite the party to go over to the hotel and dine with me. What say you?"

"Thanks, sir. If the ladies have no objection I shall accept the invitation."

He had to shake hands with a good many ladies before he could get at his mother and Myra. They agreed to go over to the hotel, and they did so, after being introduced to the old lawyer. The court convened again at two o'clock, and Lawyer Howard spoke two hours for the defense. His speech was a fine one and made a deep impression. But every lawyer in the courtroom saw that the case looked bad for his side. Cal had the dead proof of the illegality of the court in which Josiah Hoffman was sued in 1830, and the fate of Myra Hoffman's case hinged on that. Cal had the closing speech, and when he arose to begin it the courtroom was again packed to suffocation. This time he had the arguments of counsel to reply to. If his first speech astonished all that heard it by its eloquence and pathos, the second one amazed them by his knowledge of all the law bearing on the case. He had not studied through the long hours of night in vain. His acute perceptions enabled him to grasp the salient points, and his marvelous memory to retain them. He dissected their arguments one by one, and then again branched out eloquently upon that great object of law—to do justice under all circumstances.

He bowed and sat down. A long breath of relief was heard in the audience, for they had been held to the utmost tension of emotional excitement during his speech. The judge charged the jury. He told them that the land had been sold under a judgment obtained in an illegal court, but that the purchasers were innocent of wrongdoing, and had long held undisturbed possession of the property. There were many points of law involved, which he made plain to the jury. They went out and ten min-

utes later returned. They took their places again, and the clerk of the court called out:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find for the plaintiff."

The audience became a yelling mob. Hats went up to the ceiling and canes and umbrellas waved in the air. The judge tried in vain to quell the noise. He rapped furiously on the desk. Still they cheered and shouted. Mrs. Elmer and Cal's mother embraced Myra and kissed her. Evan Morse was near his counsel. He had heard all the speeches and sat unmoved during their delivery. But now he was pale and rigid in his seat. The boy, unaided, had beaten six of the ablest lawyers that could be found.

"Of course we shall appeal the case," said Howard, turning to him. "His eloquence will have no weight with learned judges. Juries are easily swayed by camp-meeting oratory."

When court adjourned an old lawyer, the same man who had dined them, offered his carriage to Cal's mother and his client. They were shown down to the carriage while Cal went to his office to see that his books of reference were returned and placed where they could be found when wanted. Lawyer Bailey came in and found him at his desk looking over a letter just received from a client.

"Carter," he said, "that was the best jury speech I ever heard. I want you to come into my office as a partner and do the jury work. I'll do the office work and look up the law points."

"Much obliged to you," replied Cal, "but I don't intend ever to work for corporations. I believe all your best clients are corporations."

"Yes, and they are all good pay, too," was the reply. "You are starting out wrong, my boy. You want good paying clients. You can have no end of clients who can't pay if you want that sort of practice."

"I am doing very well, though," and Cal laughed. Bailey returned to his office very much surprised.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Trials of Myra Hoffman.

The Hoffman case created an immense sensation in both legal and commercial circles. The legal profession saw a new light blazing up that threatened to dim theirs by its brightness. Cal Carter's eloquence was a theme everywhere. His two speeches in the Hoffman case gave him a wide fame. People everywhere wanted to hear him or see him. He was a wonder to the lawyers who had heard him overwhelm the six counselors with his avalanche of decisions of higher courts sustaining his position and condemning theirs. They saw that he had read wide and deeply, and that his mind was comprehensive in its scope. As for Myra Hoffman, her life current was changed all at once. She had worked for years in an office over in New York, earning good wages and giving satisfaction to her employer. No one had taken any notice of her until she became known as the claimant in the Hoffman suit. Before the trial her employer rebuked her for wasting time and money in a

useless suit. He almost refused to grant her a leave of absence to attend the trial. She had to put on a substitute before he would consent to let her go.

After the verdict his manner changed. He congratulated her and showed her marked attention. So did all the employees in the establishment. The bookkeeper proposed marriage to her, but was refused, to his amazement. He thought, as she was something of an old maid, she would snap him up only too quick.

"It's perfectly awful," she said to Cal one day. "I really don't see how I can stand it. I shall have to resign my place and try to get another elsewhere."

"My mother is alone when I am away from the house," he said to her. "Just leave your place and stay with her. She would be glad to have you as a friend and companion."

That was agreed on, and she moved into the little cottage in which the Carters lived, resigning her place over in New York. Her employer offered to raise her pay if she would remain, but she firmly declined. A number of men who had met her insisted on calling on her and forcing their attentions upon her. She declined to see many of them, but that did not dampen their ardor. They kept calling until Cal had to send them a written protest in her name, and as her counsel. One man called at his office in an angry mood, and asked by what right he interfered.

"At her request," he replied:

"Have you got her request in writing?" the man asked.

"No, but I so stated in my note to you," Cal replied.

"Yes, but that doesn't satisfy me that she requested you to write that note."

"Very well. If you call there again I shall have you arrested as a nuisance. I pay the rent of that house, and every man's home is his castle. I warn you to keep away."

That staggered the would-be suitor, and he went away in high dudgeon, after venting a good deal of his wrath on the young lawyer. Weeks and months passed, during which time young Carter's practice grew so rapidly he had to engage a clerk and a typewriter. One day Ben Gurley came up to his office, and said:

"I've something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Privately," and he nodded toward the little room on the left.

"Very well—come in. Glad to see you, anyhow," and he led the way into the little consultation room, where they both sat down.

"They are going to try to steal the papers of the Hoffman suit from your office," said Ben, in a half whisper.

"How do you know it?"

"A friend of mine who spends a good deal of his time in saloons overheard them whispering. He didn't know what it meant, but I did, and so I have come to tell you."

"When are they to do it?"

"Don't know, but soon—probably to-night."

"Very well. I have the papers in a big iron safe in the clerk's office. To-night we'll wait in here for them. Will you come?"

"I've an engagement with Maggie this evening, but will be on hand in time."

Ben went away, and Cal at once proceeded to get weapons for the defense of his office. When night came he was ready for them. He and Ben were on hand with revolvers and clubs, concealed in the office, with a policeman as a reserve force. At midnight they heard someone tampering with the lock of the office door. A skeleton key was getting in its work, and after five minutes or so the door swung noiselessly open, and two men entered. One used a dark lantern with which to search for the papers. By the aid of the lantern it was seen that the two villains wore black masks. They drew papers carefully out of the pigeon holes of the desk, and glanced over them, after which they replaced them as nearly as they were before as possible.

At a motion from Cal he and Ben crept up behind the two villains and dealt each one a blow with a heavy club on the head. Each man sank on the floor, by the desk with a groan. The blows were forceful and the burglars were stunned to insensibility. The police officer promptly put the nippers on them, and then turned up the gas. As the room was flooded with light one of the villains came to and gasped:

"Nabbed!"

CHAPTER XIV.—The Tragic Snd of A Shyster.

The two prisoners were paralyzed with astonishment on finding themselves manacled and in the hands of the police. They were raised to their feet and the masks removed from their faces. The moment Cal saw the elder one's face he exclaimd:

"Great Scott! I know you!"

"Yes. I guess you do. It is all up with me. I played and lost."

"I am sorry. Why did you do it?"

"Because I saw money in it and did not think there was much risk."

"I don't see where you could have made any money by it," remarked Cal. "There is nothing here you could raise money on except a few law books. They would have caused your arrest whenever you tried to sell them."

"That's all you know about it. Let me talk to you alone a little while and I'll tell you something you don't know."

Cal turned to the officer and said:

"Take the other man downstairs and let—"

"I can't do that," said the officer, shaking his head. "Should he escape I would lose my job."

"Well, I don't want you to run any risks. Take him to the station house and I'll talk with him there."

"I'd rather talk with you before I go to the lockup," said the man.

"I can't help that," the officer replied before Cal could answer him. "I won't give you a chance to get away. You can say what you wish in my presence."

"Put handcuffs on his ankles," suggested Cal. "He can't run away then, I guess."

"Haven't got another pair with me," was the reply.

"Take those off his wrists then."

CAL CARTER THE BOY LAWYER

The stubborn officer shook his head.

"Stand outside the door there then, with your back against it, if you wish," Cal again suggested, and the officer reluctantly complied, taking the other prisoner with him. Cal was then left alone with the man whom he had recognized.

"I was hired to do this thing," the prisoner said in a half whisper.

"By whom?" Cal asked.

"By a stranger. He came to me and asked if I could do a little bit of off-color work for good money. I told him it depended on what the work was and the amount of pay. He then told me he wanted to get hold of the old deeds of the Hoffman suit, which were in your office in some of the pigeon-holes, and that he would pay me \$500 to get them for him. Well, I said I would try to get them if he would come down with something as a bracer. He paid me \$100. The balance was to be paid on delivery of the papers. I got Dan, the man with the officer outside there, to use his skeleton keys on the lock of your office, paying him twenty dollars for doing so. That's the whole story."

"But where is the proof of the truth of it?" Cal asked.

"I am to take the papers to him to-morrow at 10 o'clock at the main entrance to —— Hotel. He will see that they are right and pay me \$400. That will be proof enough, won't it?"

"Yes, but I can't let you have the papers for that purpose. They are too precious. Why not go and point him out to the detectives?"

"I'll do anything you say, only I want you to let up on me if I do."

"The chief is down on me and will be only too glad to brand me as a thief. Even if he lets me prove it he'll give my name to the press. You must manage to work it without the chief having my hand in it. Buy up that cop outside the door there."

Cal shook his head.

"No. That won't do. To attempt to bribe an officer of the law would ruin me and spoil my case. I think I can manage the chief. I'll risk it, anyhow," and he called to the officer to come in.

The door opened and the officer entered, leading the other prisoner by the collar. Cal started to tell him that he could take the lawyer to the station house when the latter wheeled and darted for the window on the front side. The man dived head foremost through the window, taking the sash with him, and a dull thud came up from the pavement below.

"My God!" gasped the policeman. "He's a dead man!" and in his excitement he let go of the other prisoner and ran to the window to look down. Ben Gurley ran down the stairs, taking flying leaps as he went. Cal ran to the other window, raised it and looked out.

"Dead as a herring!" cried Ben, standing over the body of the shyster and looking up at the officer. "Look out for the other man!"

The officer quickly drew back and looked for his man. He was gone! The prisoner had the nippers on, but he got away. It was never known how he did so, as Ben swore he did not descend the stairs where he was. The death of the shyster necessitated the publication of the story of the attempted robbery. It created a

great sensation, and all the lawyers who defended the Evan Morse Company published cards stating that they knew nothing of the matter.

CHAPTER XV.—The Final Fight In A Higher Court.

Time rolled on, and the appeal was heard in the higher court. Cal had to apply for permission to practice in that court ere he could appear in the case. When he did appear, the judges and a great array of lawyers gazed at him with ill-concealed interest. Howard, as senior counsel for the appellants, presented the case to the judges in a calm, clean-cut speech of an hour. In reply, Cal merely presented a series of decisions in that very court on the illegality of the court of 1830, adding as he did so:

"I will not insult this august court by attempting to argue the question involved. I have no fear of its own decisions being reversed."

The judges gave a unanimous decision in his favor. They could not have done otherwise.

A week or so after the decision Cal was writing at his desk when Lawyer Howard came in.

"I have called to find out how you stand on a compromise," Howard said to him as he sat down.

"I have been thinking about that," Cal replied. "You can keep it in the courts from three to five years, and ——"

"Yes, ten years," said Howard, interrupting him.

"Possibly, but I don't agree with you," was the reply. "The property is worth over two million dollars, so real estate men tell me."

"Yes, and the two blocks above are worth half a million," assented the old lawyer. "We can agree on that. What proposition have you to make?"

"None whatever until you first submit one," was the reply.

"How does a cash offer strike you?"

"No objection to it, provided there is enough of it."

"A quarter of a million?"

"No—certainly not. That's about one-eighth of the property."

"Well, let's hear your proposition," Howard finally asked.

"Surrender the property and take a lease," replied Cal.

Howard caught his breath.

"You don't seem to consider the uncertainties of litigation," he remarked.

"There is but a small atom of uncertainty in this case," Cal replied. "We value the property at two millions, and lease it for ten years, at one per cent per annum on that valuation—you to pay all taxes during the lease and pay rent quarterly."

"That would be \$20,000 a year and the taxes," remarked Howard.

"Yes. That property could easily be rented for \$75,000 a year—so I am told by men who know. I have taken the trouble to inform myself on the matter."

"I should say you had," replied Howard. "I'll

tell Mr. Morse about your office, and leave it with him to decide," and with that he went out.

Morse was in the private office of the lawyer waiting to hear his report. Howard told him what the proposition was. He was silent for five minutes or so, and then said:

"Then I may as well accept the offer. It is liberal under the circumstances. It gives me ten years in which to prepare for it, at a cost of about \$25,000 a year. Litigation would cost that much, to say nothing of the worry and bother. Draw up the papers and settle the matter as soon as you can."

When Cal told Myra how the affair was to be settled she was overcome with gratitude to the boy lawyer. The next day when the papers were ready to sign Myra transferred half of the property to Cal Carter in consideration of legal services rendered.

One day Cal was surprised by Evan Morse entering his office. Morse engaged Cal to bring suit against the Whitehead estate to recover what Morse had paid for the land, with interest. Morse told Cal that he had engaged him instead of Howard because Howard had been an expensive luxury to him, and had never done anything for him. Cal brought suit for Morse and won for his client. The other side gave notice of appeal, and so the fight was continued.

CHAPTER XVI.—Cal Collects A Fee In A Novel Way.

Business had now increased to such extent with the boy lawyer he was forced to secure more rooms on the same floor with his office. He added three, making five—an entire side of the building. Then he needed a trusty man to not only care for the rooms, but to serve papers and transact confidential business for him. He sent for Ben Gurley and offered him the place.

"I'll take it if I can live on the pay," said Ben.

"The pay will be all right. I'll give you more than you are getting now. I don't want a cheap man; they are no good."

"That's my platform," said Ben happily.

Ben set in the next day, dressed in a new business suit, and had a little room as his den, with a desk and a chair. Cal kept him pretty busy running errands and doing other outside work. In the meantime Myra Hoffman was arranging some plans of her own. She bought a home in the same block the Carters lived in, and furnished it beautifully."

When the house was ready for her she moved into it—but not alone. Mrs. Elmer and Flossie were there, too. Cal was astonished when his mother told him about it one evening.

"Why, she has made Flossie give up her place in Aldridge's store to come and live with her. She allows her \$600 a year and her mother \$400. She says but for Flossie she would never have gone to you with her case, and now she says Flossie shall be her sister and Mrs. Elmer her mother as long as they live. What a noble woman she is!"

"Flossie is happy, of course."

"Yes. She is going to take music lessons, and make herself accomplished in every way."

When Cal saw Myra he went up to her, and said:

"Mother has just told me what you have been up to. I have come over to kiss you for it. Please pucker."

Myra puckered and he kissed her, the others screaming with merriment. Then he kissed Mrs. Elmer, and when he got hold of Flossie he held her in his arms, looked into her big blue eyes and said:

"You are the witch who has been the cause of all this good fortune. Good luck has attended us all ever since the day you came into my dingy little one-room office with your little tale of woe. You have never paid me my fee in that case. I've come to collect it. Pucker up now, and keep the pucker standing till the bill is paid."

She puckered up her pretty lips, and Cal helped himself to a dozen kisses. When he had finished the dozen he stopped and looked at her. She kept up the pucker, her eyes dancing with merriment.

"Why do you keep up the pucker?" her mother asked, faint with laughing.

"Because he hasn't told me to take in it," she replied.

The doorbell rang and the tidy servant went in response to it. Voices were heard at the door.

"Oh, that's Ben and Maggie!" cried Flossie, running to meet them.

"They told me you had moved," Maggie said, "and I came to see your new home."

Flossie led her into the room where the others were, and in a little while Ben and Maggie knew the good fortune that had fallen to the beautiful girl whom they had so often befriended. They rejoiced with her, and Maggie whispered to her and she and Ben were engaged—had been for two whole days. Flossie told Myra, who motioned to Cal to follow her as she left the room.

In the dining-room she told him of the engagement, saying:

"Now, let's make them happy. They are to wait two years and save up their earnings. Let's give them a cottage and furnish it, and have them marry in two weeks."

"Good! Go ahead. I'll go halves with you in all you do for them."

"Well, you tell them at once, and make them happy. Come on," and she took his arm and led the way back to the parlor.

There Cal told them, and such a happy scene was rarely seen as then ensued. Maggie burst into tears, and hugged and kissed everybody in the room. With tears trickling down his face, Ben grasped Cal's hand, but dared not trust his voice to speak. Maggie never went to the mill again. She spent two weeks preparing for her wedding. They were married in the parlor of the little cottage, and Cal and Flossie stood up with them, her own people being present as guests. Myra seemed to be as happy as Maggie herself. She danced with several young men and then with Cal, after which they took leave of the happy couple and returned home.

CHAPTER XVII.—"Show This Man Out."

The case against the Whitehead estate came up in the higher court at the capital of the State,

CAL CARTER THE BOY LAWYER

and the counsel for both sides were on hand, armed with briefs and authorities on the points of disputed law. Again the venerable judges looked over their glasses at the boy lawyer who confronted the legal giants with a cool, confident air. This time he had to wait till the other side spoke and presented their side of the case. They consumed the whole day. The venerable judges were wearied. When it came his time to speak Cal said:

"I am young, feeling no weight of years on either my physical or spiritual frame. But I know that the hand of Time is heavy, and grows heavier as the days come and go. There must come a time of rest for us all, for the great Judge of the Universe hath so decreed. The dial of yonder clock tells me that the shadows of night are near to us, and that we should cease to labor and rest for the work that is before us. May I ask the court to adjourn till the usual hour to-morrow morning?"

The next day the case was resumed, with Cal on the stand. The judges told him they wished to hear him on two points, naming them to him. He began, and the easy flow of his words charmed all who heard him. He reasoned logically, without any attempt at embellishment, keeping close to the law points involved, and making the application as it seemed right and proper to him. In speaking of the points made by opposing counsel he explained that the points in dispute were different from the pending case, and briefly stated what they were. Judges and counsel were amazed at his familiarity with every case quoted. Cal won his case, and Evan Morse was overcome with joy and gratitude.

A few months later the case was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. A big insurance company offered Cal ten thousand a year to act as their legal adviser. But he refused. A week later a poor widow called on him to use that very company for five thousand dollars due on a policy her deceased husband held at the time of his death. The company had refused to pay it on the ground of false statements made in his application for insurance. The company was worried when Cal demanded payment, and offered to compromise the case for half the claim.

Cal's speech was the best of all he had made up to that time, and every word of it was published in the papers. Such a terrific excoriation was never before received by an insurance company, and the jury rose up and found for the widow without retiring. The company was badly hurt, for thousands of people refused insurance with them on account of that case. His next great case was a criminal one. He had to defend a man indicted for murder. He refused it at first, saying he didn't wish any criminal practice. But the prisoner's wife begged so hard, saying he had acted in self-defense, and that he was being hounded by a ring of politicians who had tried to have him killed to get him out of their way.

"If that is true, madam, I will take the case and do my best for him," he replied.

The murder trial was another opportunity for Cal's wonderful powers. He found able lawyers pitted against him, and a score of perjured witnesses ready to swear the prisoner's life away. But his cross-examination was the most searching ever known in that court, and witness after

witness went down before him, marked for arrest for perjury. Then came the speeches, which took up two days. When Cal rose to speak the crowd was so great that panic almost resulted, so eager was the public to hear him. His first sentence arrested attention of judge, jury, and spectators—and it was a quotation of Holy Writ—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." He followed it up with a grand discourse on the God-given right of self-defence. Then he took up the perjured witnesses, one by one, and laid bare the efforts to swear away the life of an innocent man. His fierce denunciation of the ring and its tools raised a storm that burst forth in cries of:

"Smash it!"

"Hang the leaders!"

"Lynch the perjurers!"

The judge was dumfounded. He told Cal to stop till the room was cleared. Cal begged him not to deprive the people from seeing justice done. He said he would appeal to them not to make any demonstrations again. The judge relented, and he went on with his speech at least an hour longer; the audience was wrought up to the highest pitch of emotional excitement. But they kept quiet, and when he sat down a sigh of relief was heard all over the room. The judge charged the jury, and told them to retire and make up their verdict. They did so, returning in ten minutes with a verdict of

"Not guilty!"

The ring received its deathblow at that trial, and never developed again under any name. They saw that public indignation was aroused, and that Judge Lynch might hold court at any moment. Cal was now almost of age, and was rich. He had bought a fine house for his mother, and surrounded her with every luxury she could desire. Myra and Flossie dropped in nearly every day to see his mother, and he visited them two or three times a week. Maggie had twins—a boy and a girl. They named them Cal and Myra. One evening Myra said to Cal:

"You love Flossie and she loves you. Why don't you tell her so?"

"I have been trying for months to do so, but the words stick in my throat."

She caught Flossie and led her up to him, and, after kissing her, said:

"Dear, he loves you. I know you love him. He wants you to be his wife. There now. Kiss and be happy."

They flew into each other's arms and were too happy for words. Myra discreetly left the room. Ten minutes later they followed her into the dining-room and almost ate her up in their joy for what she had done. Cal and Flossie arranged for a quiet wedding and short trip. The two mothers managed it, and it was an elegant affair. Neither of them cared for any display. A few months later Mrs. Elmer married, and then Cal's mother closed her home and lived with Myra and Flossie. The boy lawyer is now a boy no longer. He sports a big mustache, and is the father of three children.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOARD OF TRADE BOYS; or, THE YOUNG GRAIN SPECULATORS OF CHICAGO."

CURRENT NEWS**BIG STORM KING ROAD OPEN**

The new Storm King State highway, which was blasted through the cliffs on the face of Storm King mountain in Cornwall, was opened to the public recently. The rush of automobileists was so great that William Gee, Chief of Police of the Palisades Interstate Park force, assigned four patrolmen to regulate traffic.

This new highway, which took seven years to build and cost the State \$1,500,000, is regarded as a feat of engineering. At no point is the new highway less than twenty-four or more than thirty-two feet wide.

LAND BOATS

"Sea monsters" which are reported to be from forty to sixty feet long, have attacked boats engaged in fishing out of British Harbor, Trinity Bay, and fishermen are afraid to go on the grounds.

A large school of these "monsters," of which no detailed description has been received, appeared off the coast a few days ago and is still thought to be in the bay. An organized expedition will be sent from the settlements off which the school lies in an effort to capture or disperse it. Sev-

eral boats which went out recently narrowly escaped being swamped by the "monsters."

The appearance of the school was reported to the Department of Marine and Fisheries by the telegraph operator at British Harbor.

SNAKE GETS INDIGESTION

Snakes, rats and weasels are more numerous than ever, according to farmers near Seeford, Del. James Willey missed his eggs from a nest and discovered a snake nearby but was unable to kill it. Thinking to fool the thief, he took all the eggs out and put a white porcelain door knob in the nest. When he went to see what happened the knob was gone and not far from the nest he found the snake apparently in great agony. He killed the snake and found it had swallowed the knob, but could not digest it.

A neighbor of Willey's also missed some eggs, and, hearing a noise among his hens, rushed to the henry with his lantern and gun. He found a hen had deserted her nest and a snake coiled over the eggs. He shot, but the explosion extinguished his light, and it was a race to see which left the henry first, the man or the snake.

MONEY GIVEN AWAY

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Chased To China

— OR —

HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIV.

Chased To China.

Just when they had found out that Slippery Sam had left Sydney, and they were hunting for a vessel in which to follow him, Dick was stopped in the streets down by the docks by a middle-aged man of nautical bearing.

"Dick Dale!" he cried, in wonder.

"Captain Cross!" shouted Dick, with equal surprise, and then he and the man clasped hands heartily, and the latter was introduced to Dan as the master of the vessel who was a warm friend of his father, and in which craft the New York banker and broker held a controlling interest.

Ten minutes' conversation served to tell the captain what brought Dick in that part of the world, and then the former informed the boy that on the following day he would clear for the same port that the thief had just sailed for.

The following day the three travellers embarked on the Nautilus, and started for China. Dan Drury was eager to overtake his man, but the pleasant days and nights spent on the deck of the good ship with Henrietta passed quickly and the time seemed short enough when they sailed up to the city of Victoria.

The second day of their arrival Dan spotted their man on the street.

The man was looking at a brooch which lay in his upturned palm, and when Dan glanced at the jewel he saw that it was formed of four large pins that held together in their clasp a diamond, a sapphire, ruby and an emerald, and at once the story told by Tessie Jones flashed across his mind.

"Stephen Carrington!" he cried, and struck the man a powerful blow on the point of the chin that stretched him senseless on the dock.

Dick saw all this, and realized that Dan had caught the man they were after, and knowing that trouble and delay might result from any conflict with the authorities in that part of the world, with great presence of mind he shouted for Captain Cross, and when the latter came running to him the boy led him to where Dan was standing over his victim with blazing eyes, having torn away the disguising beard and revealing the well-known face of the thieving hat spinner.

They picked up the rascal from the dock, the telltale brooch still clasped in his hand, and he staggered back to the Nautilus with them in a much dazed manner. There he was put in irons

and safely stowed away in the hold, and as nobody troubled themselves about the incident on the dock he stayed there until the homeward bound Nautilus reached New York, and then he was handed over to the police.

In addition to the remarkable brooch which had been found in his hand, an inspection of his baggage showed that he still had more than half of Tessie Jones's stolen goods, and it was an easy matter to convict him of the crime and send him to jail for a long term of years.

Then came a pleasant surprise for Dan, for he found that not only the state of New York offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of the rascal, but that the Jewellers' Protective Association, the Bankers' Protective Association and a big merchantile concern which had been swindled by Slippery Sam, had also offered rewards, and as Dan had captured the villain the various sums, amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars were paid over to him, and he found himself suddenly rich.

Dick had spent about three thousand dollars on the long trip.

This sum Dan promptly repaid him, and then proposed to his chum that they go into another partnership and build and conduct an up-to-date gymnasium, and Dick agreed to it.

While their gymnasium was being built they left New York to make a trip to a town in Wisconsin where the Wells Brothers' circus was showing, and the members of the show company who had doubted Dan's innocence shook him by the hand, apologized for their suspicions, and congratulated him on saving his good name.

Tessie Jones was glad enough to get back any of her stolen jewelry, and was especially pleased when she regained possession of the celebrated brooch made from the four historical pins which Stephen Carrington had been about to pawn in China.

Henrietta Parmlee had been welcomed gladly by Dick's mother and sister, and held a position as French instructor that was very agreeable to her, but she and Dan Drury have come to an understanding that will terminate her labors, agreeable as they are, just as soon as they both arrive at manhood and womanhood.

(The End.)

COMING NEXT WEEK

The Vanishing Of Val

Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

A story of mystery and trouble. Don't miss it!

Opening Chapters Next Week

ITEMS OF INTEREST

REPAID IN FULL

Frank Collins, police detective, Portland, Ore., still retains an abiding faith in humanity. Just two years ago some stranger, out of funds and disheartened, "bumped" the veteran "cop" for a dollar in order to purchase a job from a north-end employment office. Collins had completely forgotten the transaction until the other night when the stranger appeared at police headquarters with a silver dollar. The loan was recalled to the detective's mind and the debt was paid in full.

MARBLES

Many millions of marbles are made annually in the United States. It is estimated that the boys of this country use no less than 200,000,000 each year. But there are other users of marbles besides youthful players. The Standard Oil Company is one of the largest buyers of marbles, according to *Popular Mechanics*; some of its purchases are used in oil cans, and others of larger sizes are rolled through graded pipe lines to clean out the paraffin that gathers on the inside of the pipes. The manufacturers of ink, chemicals and powder use marbles. Other buyers of these little spheres are dealers in railway supplies, puzzle-box makers, and salt producers.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Henry Bullard, son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Bullard of Ashland, Mo., escaped death by one-sixteenth of an inch, and also the loss of an eye by the same margin, when he was impaled upon a pitchfork while helping a neighbor harvest hay.

Bullard, not knowing that a fork was leaning against the stack, prongs forward, started to descend from the stack by sliding down.

The right side of his neck struck one of the tines. Only the cheek bone prevented the prong from coming out through the right eye. The prong also passed within one-sixteenth of an inch of the carotid artery, contact with which would have caused death. The pitchfork had become so firmly impaled in his neck that fellow workmen had difficulty in pulling the prong from the wound.

Young Bullard was rushed to a Columbia hospital for treatment and is reported to be recovering. His father is critically ill from a stroke of paralysis.

ELECTRIC WORM DIGGER

Radio experimentation has been relegated to second place by the mechanically minded at Greenwich, Conn., who have decided that electricity may be used with greater profit and pleasure in bringing earthworms to the surface.

Anglers are rejoicing in the thought that hereafter it will not be necessary for them to break their backs digging up bait, while poultry fanciers are glibly talking of new egg-laying records achieved by the simply process of making the

worms come to the hens whenever they are wanted. Jazz artists think there is no better fun than watching the earth begin to shimmy to drive out the grubs, and just plain society folk think the invasion is good for conversational purposes and a great relief after Einstein, Marconi and other deep subjects on which they have had to appear intelligent.

The new process is as simple as it is effective. Two brass rods are pushed into the earth several feet apart, with a wire attached to the visible end of each running to an ordinary telephone magneto. As soon as a current is generated by turning the crank a few times the earth begins to crack and shiver in a miniature earthquake, which apparently annoys the angle-worms so much that they all come to the surface in a minute or so, thinking to avoid catastrophe by running away.

The inventor of this remarkable boon to anglers, fanciers and talkers is Peter J. O'Keefe, son of Mr. and Mrs. William O'Keefe, of Greenwich avenue. Just at present he is chief store-keeper at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., but some day he hopes to be a chicken man himself. He says the great idea came to him from seeing worms driven to the surface during thunder storms.

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The Little Detective

By COL. RALPH FENTON

Not far from the year 1850, a bold bank robbery took place in a large Southern city, located on the shores of one of our great rivers. The money taken was chiefly gold, a large deposit of which had just been made. In those days the bank safes and vaults were less secure than now, and the combination lock was unknown.

The whole detective force of the city was on the alert the next day, and the eyes of Argus watched the levee, the railroad stations, the streets and by-ways. Over forty thousand dollars had been stolen, and a reward of eight thousand dollars was already offered for the capture of the robbers and the recovery of the money.

There was a member of the detective force named Donnelly, who had long been a target for the raillery of his fellows. One reason was that he was very short in stature, his height being five feet five and his weight one hundred and sixteen, and another was that he had never accomplished anything of importance. He had been "kept down" probably by a mistaken notion of his real worth, and had been assigned to duty in petty larceny, where a stolen coat or cloak was to be looked for among the pawnbrokers or dealers in second-hand clothing.

Donnelly, too, was excitable, as a detective ought not to be, and on this occasion he entered the chief's office and nervously said:

"I know where the gold is."

"Where?" asked the chief, smiling, while several officers present winked at each other.

"I saw them take it on board a boat at the levee."

"How do you know?—Did you see the coin itself?"

"No; they didn't have it loose in a wheelbarrow like coal," replied Donnelly, a little stung. "I'm not joking, sir, and mean all I say. I saw the gold taken on board the Water Lily."

"Pretty name, anyhow," suggested one of the detectives.

"How was it taken aboard?" asked the chief more gravely.

"In three carpet-bags."

"Well, how do you know the gold was in them?"

"They were very heavy, for one thing."

"Well?"

"And they were carried by two well-dressed white men. One carried two, and he could hardly walk with them, while the other carried the third. They must have been valuable or they would have been intrusted to the darkies."

"When does the Water Lily leave?" asked the chief, somewhat interested.

"She steams up the river for M—— at four o'clock. She has been a small cargo."

"Well, Mr. Neff, you and Mr. Wilson go with him, and look at those carpet-bags," said the chief, addressing two of the detectives.

The three left, and in half an hour Neff and Wilson returned in a high state of mirth.

"Well, did you find them?" asked the chief.

"Yes, lying carelessly in a statemoon, and the doors wide open. We examined them, and found that they weighed three pounds each. The question is whether they contain four shirts and nine handkerchiefs, or five boots and collars."

"Where is Donnelly?" asked the chief, very much amused.

"We left him at the levee. He was ashamed to come back, no doubt."

"Really, you fellows plague him too much."

"Yes," replied Neff, "we'll destroy his usefulness if we keep on."

But little Donnelly was not satisfied. He called at the bank which had been robbed, and at his suggestion the officers procured a search-warrant and that afternoon every nook and corner of the Water Lily capable of concealing a dime was searched, but no traces of the stolen money were found.

The captain was indignant and the passengers grumbled at being detained half an hour. The officers of the bank and the law officers who had executed the search-warrant humbly apologized. The chief talked of removing Donnelly from the force.

The Water Lily steamed up the river at half-past four, with half a dozen cabin passengers and one deck passenger. The latter was a ragged, dirty-faced boy, of apparently seventeen. He wanted to go to M——, and had scarcely enough money to take a deck passage.

The black columns of smoke and the white wreaths of steam rolled up into the sky; the green shores glided by on either side, and new pictures of nature unfolded far up the river at every curve; the passengers lounged and smoked; day faded, night came on, and the lonely pilot watched the hilltops and the stars; and the solitary deck passenger, after gazing on the rushing water and the picturesque shores till all were swallowed up in darkness, became drowsy, went and crawled into a bunk and snored.

At midnight the Water Lily rounded to tie up at her destination. Steam was blown off and several passengers went ashore, but not those who carried the three carpet-bags. Most of the crew also went ashore, as though they belonged there, and things were soon quiet on the Water Lily. House went by; the fires under the boilers died out and the iron grew cold.

Meanwhile the deck passenger lay snoring; and with dull ears and closed eyes, how was he to hear the stealthy tread of feet on the boiler-deck, or see the light that, about three o'clock in the morning, came faintly back among the rude sleeping bunks? It was at this hour that three men moved quietly about the deck, one of them carrying a lantern.

"We can't be too careful. Better made sure," said one, in a low tone.

"Well, let's go back and look," responded another.

Then the three men walked aft with their light and peered in the bunks. They were the captain and the two carpet-baggers.

"Why, what's this?" asked one of the latter, in a startled whisper, as the red light flashed over the ragged form of the snoring deck passenger.

"Only that stupid young chap that took a deck

passage," replied the captain. "A cannon wouldn't wake him, probably."

"Let him sleep, then, by all means. It would be cruel to disturb him."

After further careful scrutiny of the bunks and other dark recesses on the after-deck, the three went forward to the boilers. When they had done so, a remarkable change had come over the deck passenger. Without any warning whatever, and without the usual preliminary symptoms of waking, such as moving uneasily, turning over and sighing, he sat bolt upright, and deliberately peeped out from his bunk. When he did so, he saw some human figures moving about in front of the boilers, and a dim light shining in their midst. He also heard a clinking sound as of tools at work among iron machinery, and he got out of his bunk, noiselessly as a spirit, and floated forward over the deck like a shadow.

The captain of the Water Lily and the two passengers with the carpet-bags were standing in front of one of the boilers, and the former was at work with a wrench, taking the iron taps from the stay bolts that held the iron plate in its place over the manhole, while one of the passengers held the light in such a way as to cast nearly all its rays upon the work, and few of them anywhere else. It is not unusual for this heavy iron plate to be taken off for the purpose of examining or cleaning the interior of the boiler, but the ragged young deck passenger, who soon gained a position from which he could watch their movements closely, thought it quite remarkable that a couple of passengers should remain on board the Water Lily for the purpose of watching or assisting at the operation at three o'clock in the morning.

The heavy iron plate was at last freed from its place, and the captain, with the assistance of the passenger who was not tending the lantern, set it carefully down on the deck. The former then thrust his hand into the aperture and said:

"The water is pretty warm yet, but all's right."

"Are the bags sound?" asked the passenger who held the light.

"Yes."

"Can you lift them out?"

"Yes. One of them at a time. Look around carefully first, though. It would be pretty rough to be caught now."

"Good Lord!"

This was the exclamation of the passenger with the lantern. He had been on the point of raising it above his head, that he might be able to scan the vicinity closely, when a strong hand, coming right out of the darkness, snatched it away from him.

It was a picture—that night scene—the three men standing, frightened and amazed, and the dirty and ragged little deck passenger confronting them, with the lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other, leveled upon them, while his face assumed a look of firmness and authority.

"Put that iron plate on again!" he said, with a sternness that contrasted with his inferior size and appearance.

"Who are you?" asked the captain, in a voice that trembled.

"My name is Donnelly. I belong to the detective force, and am on the scent of that gold you

have hidden in the boiler. I knew that it was on this boat."

The captain moved uneasily, took a step or two backward, and put his hand behind him to grasp a large poker used by the firemen. It was leaning against a stanchion, but the sharp eyes of the little detective were on him, and he said:

"You just so much as touch that poker, and I will shoot you through the heart. You'd like to lay me out, wouldn't you?"

The captain withdrew his hand quickly, and his pale, frightened face looked almost ghastly in the dull light of the lantern.

One of the passengers looked longingly toward the gangplank.

"Look here, officer," said the captain, who had somewhat recovered his composure, "you are armed and have the advantage, otherwise you would find it a serious matter to interfere with us. I see you know all, and we understand one another. Now let us talk like business men. You are probably comparatively a poor man. We have forty thousand dollars here in his boiler. Take ten thousand of it, go your way, and keep silent."

"No, sir," said the detective, emphatically. "I wouldn't let you go for the whole sum. Do as I ordered, or I'll commence shooting."

Seeing that he was not to be trifled with, the captain and two passengers (who, of course, were simply a couple of polished burglars) proceeded to replace the iron plate, under the sharp supervision of the detective, who warned them that they had better do it right, as they must remain in custody on board the Water Lily during her trip down the river, and would have to risk the consequences of an explosion if they slighted their work. When the task was done he escorted them up in the cabin, and carefully locked them up in separate staterooms.

The dawn of day saw the little steamboat backing out from the levee. With a fresh crew hastily summoned by the bold little detective, she went flying down the river, and by midday was made fast once more to the levee she had left on the previous afternoon.

A messenger was speedily sent to the chief's office and to the bank, and once more the steam was blown off, the fires put out and the manhole opened. Then there were taken from the boiler the bags of stolen coin, which were restored to their owners.

The sequel showed that the two passengers with the carpet-bags, who were a couple of the most accomplished burglars of the day, had, after robbing the bank, bribed the captain of the Water Lily to conceal the plunder in one of the boilers, where no one would ever have dreamed of looking for it, and to start up the river with them, without waiting for a cargo. His reward was to have been one-fourth of the money.

Little Donnelly, who received the reward of eight thousand dollars from the bank, was no longer a subject of sport, nor a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" in the police office. He had gone from the bottom to the top in one jump, and for years afterwards he enjoyed the distinction of being the keenest detective in the Southwest. So much for sticking to the scent and "shadowing" the Water Lily.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FISHES UP DIAMOND HE LOST FOUR YEARS AGO

Valentine Bernhardt of Bayonne lost a \$600 diamond ring in the shallow waters of the Shrewsbury River at Water Witch, N. J., four years ago. He searched the river bed for four weeks, but the ring was not recovered.

Recently he went for a launch ride on the Shrewsbury. Just as he passed the spot where he had lost the ring a friend dropped a hammer into the water. The boat was stopped. Bernhardt put his hand into the water and found the ring beside the hammer.

WHALE TAIL CARGO SHIPPED TO JAPAN

"A whale tail a day keeps the doctor away" is a health slogan in old Japen. Epicurean Orientals will soon be able to tickle their palates with a new delicacy, for the Arizano Maru has just sailed from Puget Sound with a cargo which includes fifteen tons of whale tails. The appendages of these big mammals are shipped by a North Pacific whaling company to markets in large cities of Japan. In Japan this part of the whale is considered a health food, containing a large amount of iodine and medicinal salts. Besides, when properly cooked, the meat and bones are an appetizing dish. This is the first shipment of the kind from America, Japan's supply of whales being reported very short this summer.

ONCE PENNILESS LAD GETS EXCHANGE SEAT

Oswald Andersen, 31, who came to the United States penniless from Norway when he was 6 years old, has been given a seat on the New York Stock Exchange by his employers, De Coppet & Doremus of 42 Broadway. The firm paid \$88,000 for the seat and gave it to Andersen in recognition of his ability and his faithful service. Andersen started in Wall Street fifteen years ago as a runner on the floor of the Exchange.

Andersen lives with his wife and small son in a frame dwelling at 118 Eighty-seventh street, Brooklyn. He has a brother, Dr. Adolph Andersen, who lives at 585 Seventy-ninth street Brooklyn. Both worked their way to success.

MILLIONS SPENT FOR HAIR NETS FROM CHINA

American women during the year 1921 spent between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 for hair nets, according to statistics supplied by a prominent New York manufacturer. They are spending more this year, he explains, because thousands of young women who had bobbed hair in 1921 are now wearing it long again. The percentage of women who use nets on their hair is constantly on the increase.

Many of the human hair nets in this country are made in China. There is a large plant in Chefoo owned and operated by a New York company. Before it is made up into nets the long Chinese hair is thoroughly sterilized in muriatic acid and bleached in proxide. After the nets are completed they are fumigated with formaldehyde before shipping to this country. The Chinese business in hair nets was formerly controlled by Germans, but is now chiefly in the hands of Americans.

LAUGHS

"Do you really believe, Miss Hicks, that ignorance is bliss?" "I don't know. You seem to be happy."

"Don't be tight, father. Remember what the Bible says about being generous with your worldly goods?" "Sure. It says a fool and his money are soon parted."

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills? Wife—Good gracious! What do you do with the rest of your money?

Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson)—Now, can any of you tell me what is water? Small and Grubby Urchin—Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you put your 'ands in it!

"You should have been in the suffragette parade, my dear." "So?" "It was delightfully dangerous. Many of the girls were annoyed by horrid men." "Indeed." "For the first time in their lives."

"Really, Elizabeth," declared Mr. Spendaghast, the father of a large family of girls, "we must economize. We must husband our resources." "Husband our resources!" replied Mrs. S. "It strikes me, Mr. Spendaghast, you'd better husband your daughters."

A three-year-old tot was taken to the Zoo to see the animals. When the nurse brought her home her mamma said: "Darling, did you see the big tiger in his cage?" "Yeth," lisped the little one. "We dest looked at him—we didn't go in."

"Sir," said the office boy to his employer, "as you know very well that my family is in perfect health, I ask you to let me off this afternoon to go to the ball game." "Young man," replied the boss, "you are entirely too honest. I have my suspicious of you. You are fired."

GOOD READING

GIVES PENNIES TO BEGGAR; INSULTED

"Stingy!" shouted Clyde Gaerth, 40 years old, professional beggar, who has an expensive suite of rooms at 420 W. 22d street, Manhattan, New York, at a young woman in Greenpoint, New York, the other night, after she had dropped a few pennies into his box while he was begging in front of 769 Manhattan avenue. She resented the insult. The argument that followed attracted a large crowd and also Detective John Havens of the Mendicant Squad of Manhattan Police Headquarters. Gaerth was arrested.

When the box into which the coins were dropped was emptied at the Greenpoint avenue station house and counted it was found to contain \$19.55. Gaerth admitted the sum had been collected within an hour. He was booked as a vagrant and locked up for the night. He was taken to the Williamsburg Police Court for arraignment.

ALCOHOL FOR FUEL; MADE FROM MOLASSES

Hamakuapoko, Island of Maui, T. H.—Coal strikes, warnings that the forests of the world may soon disappear if conservation is not practiced, predictions that the petroleum supply of the world may soon be exhausted and the high price of gasoline have no terrors for the inhabitants of this small community, for they cook, heat their houses and run their automobiles on alcohol which is generated by a newly discovered process from molasses.

The process was evolved by J. P. Foster, head chemist of the Maui Agricultural Company, and has been patented in all of the sugar producing countries of the world, he said. Heretofore, molasses always had been considered a waste product in sugar milling.

Originally, the alcohol produced by Foster was used only in the company trucks and automobiles, but later enough was manufactured to supply employees of the plantation, who live in Hamakuapoko. A simple apparatus composed of a few thin pipes and an open burner is required to burn the alcohol to supply heat for cooking, and these have been placed in all of the homes here.

Foster said that Maui can produce only enough alcohol in this fashion to supply the needs of the island's population, and that no surplus would be available for use on the other islands of Hawaii.

REAL "INFERNO" FOUND IN CANADA

There's a hell on earth up in the Canadian wilds, reports a Canadian Government agent who has returned from Fort Norman, on the MacKenzie River, in far Northern Canada. He went there to investigate the new oil discoveries reported in the past months and found in many places enormous quantities of burning coal and shale. The air is full of the smell of sulphur and burning coal. At night along the river great cliffs of sizzling molten clay may be seen.

This sounds very Dantesque, but its probability cannot be denied. It is well known that the fantastic and highly-colored "bad lands" formations of the State of South Dakota owe their

origin and conditions to just such a happening. In fact, some of the beds of coal in that region are still burning. Similar phenomena are known in other parts of the world.

Some may marvel that coal and oil are found so far north, even within the Arctic Circle, since coal, especially, is known to be derived from plant life which flourished in a tropical or mild climate. The coal beds of the Mackenzie River region, however, are several million years old, although comparatively recent as the geological age of the earth is now generally accepted. At the time they were formed, and also much more recently, the climatic conditions of the earth were very different from now. It is not only conceivable, but certain, that tropical conditions in the relatively recent geologic past have existed at both the North and South Polar regions.

As to how the fire started one can only surmise. It may have been from lightning, or most likely from spontaneous combustion such as takes place in the coal storage bins quite frequently. This little local "hell on earth" probably has been burning for countless thousands of years and it will continue until burned out or until the air can no longer reach the burning material to supply the necessary oxygen for combustion.

ANTELOPE THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

The American antelope is threatened with extinction, according to officials here of the Department of the Interior. Unless extensive protective measures are taken, officials declared, an animal widely admired for its coloring, delicate proportions and zephyr-like movements, soon will be seen only in museums.

There are probably not more than 3,000 antelope remaining in the United States, according to a statement, and the total number in the park is about 350. In 1908 the number was estimated at 2,000.

The cause of the antelope has been taken up by the American Bison Society of New York. A number of societies interested in game preservation will meet jointly in the East soon to consider a program to protect antelope. Proposed measures include provision for an adequate winter range for Yellowstone herds, and for herds remaining in Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and California.

Last winter nearly a third of the Yellowstone Park herds were lost as a result of heavy snows and the depredations of coyotes, wolves and mountain lions. A part of this loss was made up by birth of the young this spring.

The most serious menace to their preservation here is the absence of suitable winter range, according to these officials. Besides running the risk of starvation, owing to scant forage if the snows are deep, they are easy prey for predatory animals.

The possible winter range for the antelope here at present is about 3,000 acres, which must be shared with the deer, elk and other animals.

The summer range covers about 100,000 acres.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

MYSTERY ABOUT MUDDY RAIN WATER SOLVED

The mystery of the muddy rainwater which has bothered a Menasha, Wis., family for about a month was explained in a surprising manner.

The water, in a granite kettle placed under the rainspout, would be perfectly clear just after a rain, but the next morning would be thick with mud as though some one had cleaned muddy rubbers in it. No one could account for the strange occurrence until after the chauffeur happened to spy a large muskrat bathing itself in the kettle. When it saw the man approaching it scooted under the garage. The house is some distance from the river and this makes the behavior of his ratship all the more extraordinary.

The muskrat is one of the few fur-bearing animals left in the valley of the Fox River.

BEAR WAS TAME

Mrs. Gretchen Humboldt glanced out of her kitchen window at 430 Hackensack Plank Road, Secaucus, N. J., just in time to get the shock of her life.

Her daughter, Emma, five, had been playing on the sidewalk, and Mr. Humboldt had been casting an occasion glance at her. But this particular glance was enough to send the terrified mother into hysterics, call out the police, and upset an entire neighborhood.

For when Mrs. Humboldt caught sight of her little girl she saw a pair of flying little heels and a wind-blown skirt speeding off down the street with a big brown bear in full pursuit.

Mrs. Humboldt wiped her eyes, raised the window and looked again. Then she screamed and fainted over the kitchen sink.

When neighbors revived her and persuaded her to look out the window again she saw Emma bravely straddling the big brown bear and having the time of her life playing "horse."

The bear was a tame beast.

\$15,000,000 SHIPS USED AS TARGETS

Having found no buyers for the great group of battleships which the Washington Conference decreed should be scrapped, Great Britain is using the monsters as targets for the gunners of the Royal Navy Air Force.

Thunderer, Monarch, Conqueror, Colossus, Lion, Ajax, Centurion, King George V, Princess Royal, Erin and Orion, monsters of 20,000 or more tons, once the pride of the seven seas, are all doomed. Costing more than \$15,000,000 originally, junk dealers offered the Government only \$20,000 apiece for them.

The navy is now engaged in a series of target tests on the famous battleships Agamemnon and Superb to determine how a direct hit can be prevented from passing from the turret down the ammunition tube.

In the Battle of Jutland, Invincible, Indefatigable and Queen Mary blew up because of a flash passing from the ammunition tube to the magazine below.

LIVING OSSIFIED MAN A PUZZLE TO SCIENCE

Tony Medjeski, a puzzle to science, has not a movable joint in his body, has not moved a fraction of an inch on his cot for nine long years, has been an invalid for two decades; and, although facing a slow and horrible death, says he has not enough time to live to be unhappy.

For Tony, who is 42, and one of the really few ossified men known to the medical world, is the personification of optimism, say attendants at the hospital here, where he is a patient.

When Tony was 13 he told his father chills in his spinal column annoyed him.

At 17 he was crippled and at 33 he was placed upon a cot, where he remained in the same position year after year. Of late his jaws became joined, and a few days ago a dentist was called to extract one of the patient's teeth, that he might be fed by use of a tube.

Big league baseball and radio are Tony's hobbies. He experiences a real thrill every time Babe Ruth knocks a homer.

Tony, with death not far away, manages to be happy with it all.

"Haven't time to be unhappy," he says.

USES FOR OLD SHOES

What do you do with your old shoes—throw them away, or pile them up in the back hall closet until they clutter up the place and threaten to crowd you out of house and home? Despised though they are, as a rule, there seem to be other uses for old shoes than employing them to bombard bridal couples. They don't waste these things in the old country like we do in this land of plenty. It has long been the custom in both Germany and France to gather up this discarded footwear and use the least worn parts for insoles and heels of new shoes. This is still done very largely in France, the tearing apart of old shoes and the sorting of the material furnishing employment for the military prisoners. Not only are parts of the soles reused, but the good leather in the uppers of large shoes is worked over for children's wear. Even the old nails are saved. There are manufacturers there who buy all these old shoes from the junk men who collect them, and by a process that is protected by patent, reduce the leather to a pulp or waste, somewhat after the process by which paper is made from wood pulp, and this material is worked into various kinds of artificial leather for furniture covering, carpets and for wall and ceiling decorations. It is said to be capable of a wide variety of uses, once the old nails and such like stuff is removed from the pasty substance.

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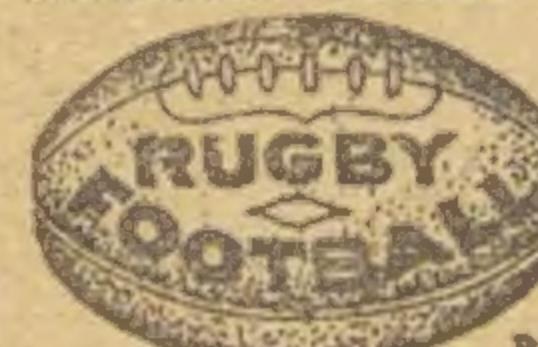
Canada has six great coal fields; bituminous coal in Nova Scotia; in the Crow's Nest Pass region; in Northern Alberta; and on Vancouver Island; lignite in Saskatchewan and Manitoba; and anthracite in Northern British Columbia. Only the bituminous mines are being worked to any great extent. The lignite is a lower grade of coal which requires further processing to make it a satisfactory fuel, and the anthracite is at present beyond the reach of transportation. Canada uses large quantities of anthracite from the coal, which she United States. The Canadian anthracite fields lie on the upper Skeena River, about 150 miles north of Hazelton, and a comparatively short line of railway to tide water at the mouth of the Naas or Skeena, or to Hazelton on the Grand Trunk Pacific, would, it is asserted, open up an immensely wealthy region comparable to the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. The Skeena coal is hard, smokeless fuel, and is said to be very similar to the Pennsylvania product.

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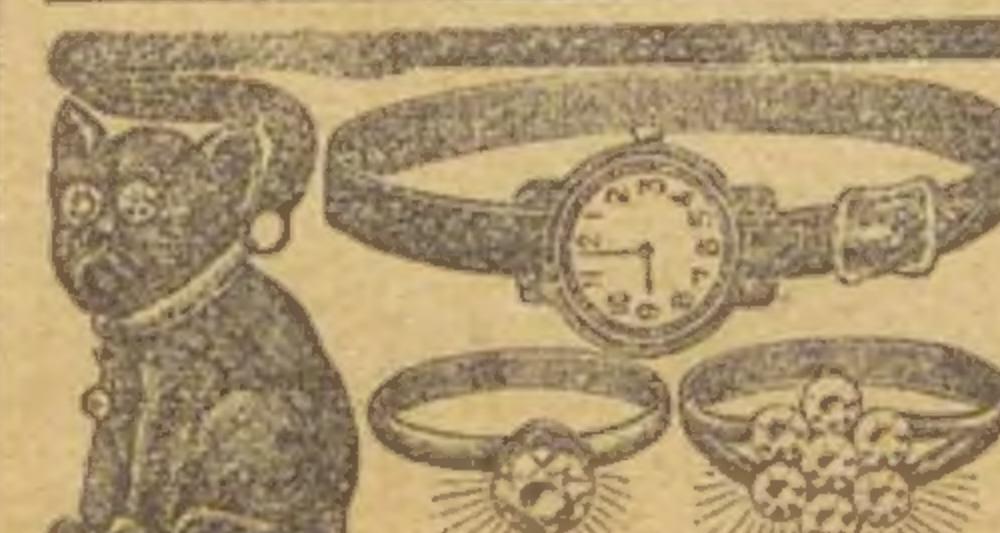
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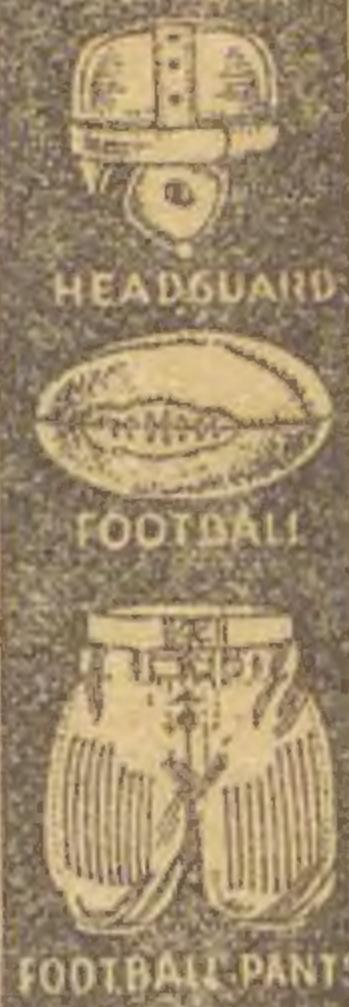


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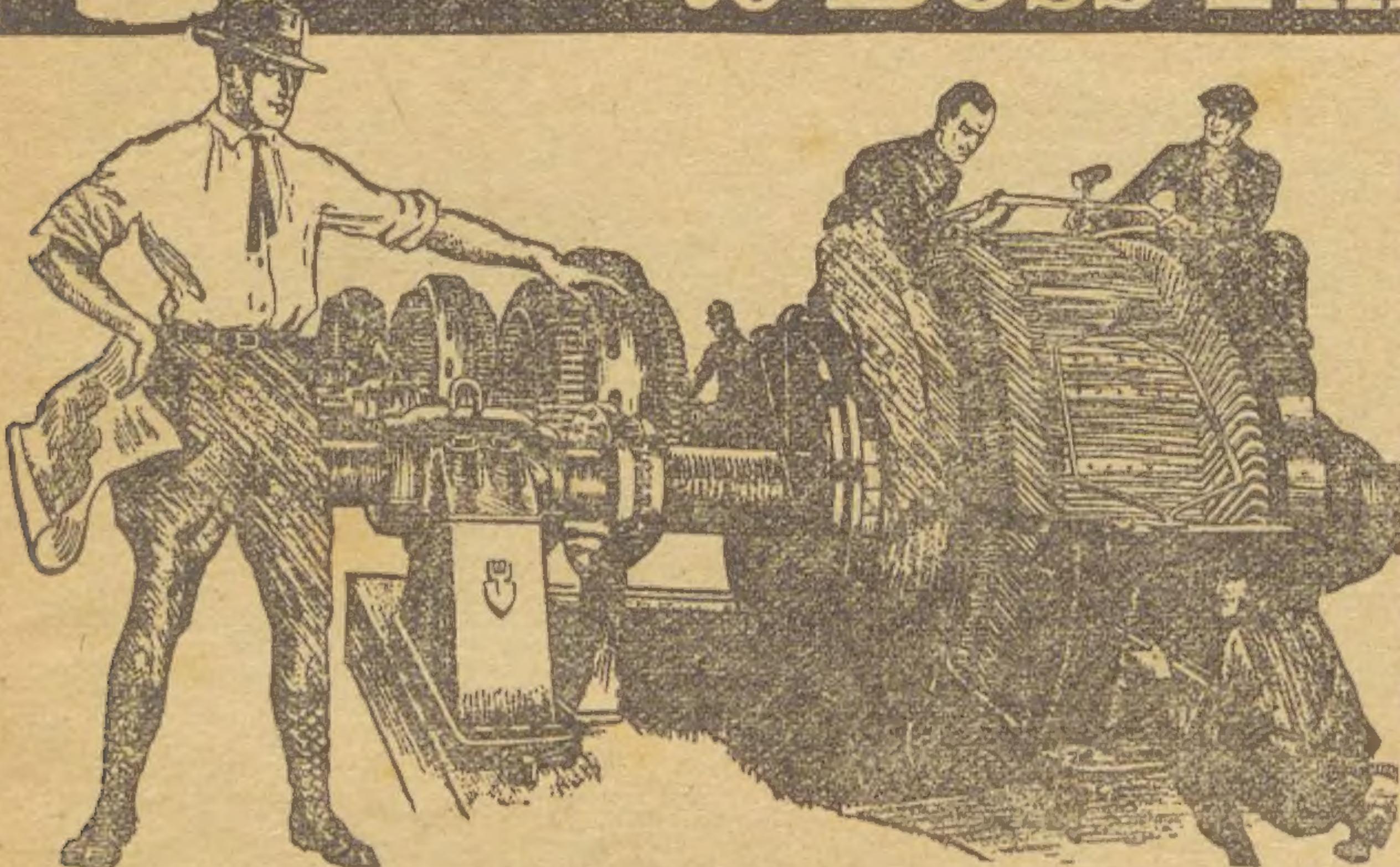
Coffee generally is spoken of as a berry or bean, but that part of the coffee tree that we use is really the seed. The trees grow naturally to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, but this natural growth is checked by the growers, who keep the trees as low as five feet. The cutting does not injure the tree and it is far more convenient to gather the fruit.

The coffee tree begins to bear when it is about three years old, and it continues for about twenty years, the singular fact about it being often noticeable that the fresh blossom and the ripened fruit will appear on the same tree at the same time.

The fruit of the coffee tree is round and red and looks like our cherries, and, being sweet to the taste, is eaten by the natives as we eat cherries. Each berry contains two seeds—the beans with which we are familiar—inclosed in a skin, with their flat sides together. The meat of the fruit is valueless, so when the fruit is gathered it is dried so the seeds may be easily removed.

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